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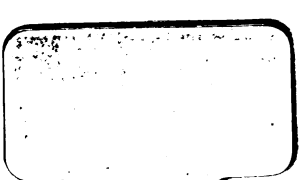

GOETHE'S

CORRESPONDENCE.

DIARY.

Engraved by C Funke

After his death.

GOETHE'S

CORRESPONDENCE

WITH

A CHILD.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

DIARY.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.

1839.

WILSON & SON, Printers,
57, Skinner Street, London.

To the English Bards.

Gentlemen!

The noble cup of your mellifluous tongue so often brimmed with immortality, here filled with odd but pure and fiery draught, do not refuse to taste if you relish its spirit to be home-felt, though not homeborn.

Bettina Arnim.

PREAMBLE.

The translating of Goethe's Correspondence with a child into English, was generally disapproved of; previous to its publication in Germany, the well renowned Mrs. Austin, by regard for the great German Poet, proposed to translate it; but after having perused it with more attention, the Literate and the most famed booksellers of London, thought unadvisible the publication of a book that in every way widely differed from the spirit and feelings of the English, and therefore it could not be depended upon, for exciting their interest. Mrs. Austin by her gracious mind to comply with my wishes, proposed to publish some fragments of it, but as no musician ever likes to have only those passages of his composition executed that blandish the ear, I likewise refused my as-

sent to the maiming of a work, that not by my own merit, but by chance and nature became a work of art, that only in the untouched developement of its genius might judiciously be enjoyed and appraised. I stood in awe of these authorities, so familiar with the literary relations of England, and with regret I gave up the dreamed delight of being read and named by the English; but a good or bad demon, I know not which, made me forget my wits, with the most alluring charms, tempting me to this entreprize even in the moment, when German Newspapers and Reviews were demonstrating it to be nonsense, and a failed speculation for Goethe's monument, or for the spreading of his glory abroad: *The poet being not so beloved and comprehended in his whole grandeur by strangers as in his native land, the English would greatly be inclined to construe his bearing to the child in these letters as the unkindest egotism; and the most affected, or also incomprehensible passion in the child.**) Those

*) Berliner Blätter für Litteratur.

objections disposed me highly to the contrary; I became still more persuaded, that if the inspiration, excited in Germany by that peace-radiating power of Goethe over a juvenile temper, depended on a genuine cause, then it must be real, for English as well as Germans; and if that be true what a great German philosopher maintains, that the perception for philosophic revelation is innate in English people, then I can hope that my confidence may become a delightful means of intelligence for me with the English.

I was not acquainted with the English tongue, therefore relied upon the consciousness of my translators; the recapitulating of their version I tried to follow with comparing it to the German text. Often my ear was hurt by words lack of musical rhythm, that in the German text by their harmonious sounds, and even by the union of their single parts awake poetic sensation, I must yield to have them supplied by such as want all lofty strain; to all my objections my relent-

less translator opposed the impossibility of translating it, the rigour against any arbitrariness in that language, and besides its penury that allows no great choice, it consisting but in thirty thousand words — I thought, if I only did know them, to be sure I would find the right.

The printing had almost come to end, when by a variance between the printer and translator, it was interrupted; then by the inspiration of despair, I ventured to continue translating. I never could have guessed those difficulties that fell more heavily upon me, than upon any knight-errant who tries with the help of propitious spirits to overcome impossibilities. — What erroneous ways have I hastened through; how often have I ferreted for words that do not exist, or bolted expressions offered in so many diversing shapes that the choice disturbed me highly; how often in the night, the word for which I had pried with despair the whole day in every nook of my head, awakened me in a hurry out of deep sleep, and how felt I delighted when suddenly it was found, I

held it between my lips as a pearl or diamond found in the dark, and in the morning I ran to the book to write it down, nay I was like a blind man going to work without a guide. What a copiousness of words with their flexure overflowed me, how abundantly gracious seemed to me those varieties of flexions, I would have them all inweaved in my version, and desponded in choosing the finest, the noblest, the most eloquent, and euphonical among all. — Often having studied a whole night, when in the morning I would peruse it, I was obliged to study it anew by help of the dictionary. My inquiries led me upon thorns and thistles on a misty path, where I could not see a step before my feet, but where I fell upon so beauteous expressions I would compound with my text, though I did not know how to make use of them; the strange etymologies even as blossom-dust transported by sedulous bees from foreign lands to their homely field, variegating the flowerage of their words. — Vulgar people know not of the treasures upon their lips, by which genius produces the honey-drop-

ping fruit. — Then I fell in love with this language that tormented me so much, that I almost got a fever of despair. Unconsciously I pursued my task, confiding in my genius, that would preserve me from doing any harm by unfit or even unusual expressions, and persisted often in my wrong way, when my advisers would have subverted my construction as they were absurdities, often my version larded with uncommon or obsolete expressions gave way to misunderstanding, then I could not ally the correction with my meaning, and would not be disputed out of my wits impassionated as I was for my traced-out turn, for which I had rummaged dictionary and poetry and never would yield till the last sheet which to day will come in the press and I am like one to whom after a long prison spring is bestowed in the free air. Forsooth I saw in the last year no roses, no tree blowing; my intelligence lay narrowly grated up in the dictionary of good Johnson and the grammars that I took to my couch and fell asleep on them, and had also a very hard bed, to no

boot, for I had unfortunately in no language a grammatical learning; all its terms were unknown to me, and their inferrences incomprehensible; and those who would advise me frightened me out of my wits; I struggled for my version as does an animal for its young and suffers them not to be touched by an indiscreet hand, but licks them clean again; so it was with me, instinctively and with great labour I tried to overcome all the corrections by a deeper inducement, while people laughed at my reluctiug and said that I never would come to a good issue, hence it cannot be otherwise, that all what might be strange, or even never heard of, that must be imputed to my persevering obstinacy against the better knowing of my advisers. However I hope, not to be accused of presumption, by inducing me to such unheard of doing, for even after the refusal of Mrs. Austin, I had not failed summoning her once more insistingly to favour the English with her translation; but the supposition, as if it were impossible, that this book could be translated, nor even comprehended

nor valued by others than the Germans, provoked my desire almost to an unmanageable passion, that it should be read and liked by the English; and as their Reviews at least proved so finely their feeling-out of the primitive element of this love, and how unimpaired, undisturbed, and how much plainer than to my countrymen appeared to them that paternal relation of Goethe's delicious hearty affection to the *child,* from whose ecstacy he explored a sweet nurture for his immortality; then I plucked up a good heart, spite of all warning to go adrift on the floods, mastless and without a sail, like a cast-off reefer trusting in my good luck to find a new fatherland for this *book of love,* I risked the little sum gained by the German edition; shall I prosperously succeed, then we shall be obliged for Goethe's monument to the English nation; should I even be destined to suffer shipwreck on those shores which I had hoped would receive me with an avitous greatness of mind; should the German prophets be in the right in laughing at my silliness and boasting already

of having predicted, the English*) would never have an interest for this book, I will however not repent, for the inducement was not poor, the deed was intrepid, and the exertion was high and undaunted till the utmost moment. Had Byron still lived, he would have praised my attempt, praised and loved me for the book's sake; for he was of a generous mind, propending to all uncommon affections; he discriminated humane feelings also in a strange vesture; he would have studied these leaves I wrote in the spring of my age under the inspiration of one who like him comes to bloom but once after a thousand years I must sigh that he lives no more, for I might have committed it to his protection, as a field fully teeming with young gems that dreamingly thrive into their blossom, then I would have been hallowed in his shelter, and he would have bestowed on me his gentle goodly graces,

*) So many of them came in the spring of their age to this little hospitable spot of Germany's classic soil and were received by Goethe with the kindest condescendence for their scientifical and social interest.

and this would have exceedingly blessed me. But now as I have no friend yonder, and no connexion, I am like a bird that flies from its nest over the ocean, or a plant, to climate in a foreign land, must dole till it is rivetted in the soil; therefore I beseech Mr. Longman, who grants me the honour of publishing my book, to get this little preamble inserted in the quarterly or Edimburgh reviews, for informing, that if there are still other Englishmen, who, as Byron would have done, are inclined to preserve in their deep mind and protect such youthfully inspirited feelings, I should like, they sean the pages of my Diary.

BETTINA.

THE BOOK OF LOVE.

In this book would I fain write of the mysterious musing in night's lonesome hours, of the spirit's ripening into love as in the noondays sun.

Truth will I seek, and ask will I from her the presence of the Beloved, whom I could fancy to be far off.

Love is an internal existence of one in another; I am not parted from thee, if it be true that I love.

These waves following me, along the shore, the ripening plenty of these lands, mirrord in the stream, the young day, the fleeting mists, the distant heights, kindled by the morning-sun, all this I look at, and as the bee sucks

honey in fresh blossoms, thus my look sucks love out of all, carries it home and treasures it in the heart, as the bee does the honey in its cell.

Thus I thought this morning, as I drove along the Rhine and forced my way through this sprightly life of nature to the still lonesome evening, because it is then as if a voice said to me, the Beloved is here, and because I then scatter before him like flowers, the remembrances of the day, — and because I then can lay myself on the earth and kiss it for the love of thee — this beautiful earth which bears the beloved, that I may find my way to him.

* * *

Schwalbach.

Names name thee not! —

I am silent and name thee not, though it were sweet to call thee by name.

Oh friend! man of slender form, of graceful moulded behaviour, silent one! — how shall I pa-

raphrase thee to supply thy name? — to call by name is a magic charm, that rouses remembrance in the absent one; here upon the heights, where the woody ravines return the echo sevenfold, I venture not to utter thy name; I will not hear a voice so ardent, so piercing call thee.

Oh thou! — Thou thyself! — I will not tell thee that it is thou thyself; — therefore I will not trust this book with thy name, even as I trust it not to the echo.

Ah! upon thy name I do not dwell — so wholly bared from earthly possession I call thee mine.

* * *

Ems.

Not to sleep without speaking to thee, tired as I am! — my eye-lids close and part me from thee; not the mountains and not the floods part me from thee, and not time and not thine own coldness, nor that thou knowest nought of me — how I love thee. — And me sleep does part? —

why then part? I coil myself into thy bosom, — these love-flames inwrap thy heart — and so I fall asleep.

* * *

No! I will not name thee, thou upon whom I call: "do give ear! — since thou likest to hear thyself talked of, listen then also to me, not like those who talk of thee, about thee; — *to thee* — in thy *gaze* do I gather my thoughts. As a spring cleaves the stone, rushing down through the shade-dale, breathing on flower to flower, so do I breathe on thee, sweet friend!

It murmurs only — the brook; it waves, it lisps, few are the melodies of its course, do give them a friendly ear; — exulting thou wilt hear then, complaining, imploring, defying — and still wilt thou hear and feel, mysteries, solemn, lucid, which only he understands that loves.

* * *

I am no longer tired, I will no longer sleep; — the moon has risen before me, clouds chace and cover her, still again she looks at me.

I fancy to myself thy house, the stairs; that they lie in the shade, and that I am sitting on those stairs, and yonder the lawn lit by the moon. — I fancy, that time chaces, and hurries and takes manifold shapes like those clouds, and that man hangs on time and believes that all hurries with it, and the pure light, which breaks through time like the moon through the fleeting clouds — this he will not avow. — . . . . . .

Oh! — yes! avow my love! — and think that since time hurries by, it yet may come in a fleeting moment to grasp an eternity.

* * *

Midnight has past this long time, there I reclined till now; and as I look round, the light burns low.

Where was I so deep in thoughts? — I thought thou sleepest, and I had looked beyond the river, where the people had kindled a fire near their linen upon the bleaching green, and I had listened to the melodies they sung to keep themselves awake; — I too am awake and think of thee; it is a great mystery in love, this lasting embrace of thy soul with my mind, much may arise from this, that no one can foresee.

Yes, thou sleepest! — dreamst thou? — and is it as truth to thee, what thou dreamst of? — as it is to me, when I sit at thy feet and hold them in my lap, whilst the dream itself bridles my thoughts, that I fancy nothing but this — that I am near thee?

Dearest! — Yesterday I was deeply moved and melancholy; because much was spoken about thee which is not true, as I know thee better. Through the tissue of thy days runs a thread, which binds them to what is above earth. Not through every one's existence winds such a thread, and without it, all existence has no hold.

That thy existence may not want a tie, that all may be eternal truth, that's what I long for. Thou who art beauteous, and whose behaviour also is beauteous, because it unveils the mind! — to conceive beauty, is it not to love thee? — and does not love wish thee to exist for ever? — What can I do before thee, but behold thy mental image within myself? — Yes! — look, this is my daily task, and all else that I begin to all must yield to thee; — secretly to serve thee in my thinking, in my doing, to live for thee, amidst the hum of men or in solitude, to stand near thee; cheerfully tend upon thee, not caring whether thou welcomest or rejectest me.

All nature is but a symbol of spirit; she is sacred because her language is spirit; man by her is taught to understand his own mind; that it also requires love; that it will cling to the spirit as his lips will to the lips of the loved one. — Though I had thee and had not thy spirit, that it should understand me — this would never bring me to the longed-for goal of my desire.

How far does love go? It unfolds its standards, it conquers its own realms, — in the shout of joy — in the tumult of victory, it hastens on towards its eternal generator. — So far goes love, as to return again from whence it proceeded.

And where two exist but in each other, all finite limits are revoked — but shall I complain if thou returnest not my love? — burns not its fire within me and inflames me? — and is it not an all-embracing bliss, this inward glow?

And forest, and mountain, and the shore on the river, sun-brightened, smile at me, because my heart, because my spirit breathes forth to them an eternal spring.

* * *

I will not trifle thee away, beauteous night, as yesterday; I will go to sleep in thy lap, thou doest lull me towards the morning-light, and the fresh awakened flowers do I then pluck to my remembrance on the dreams in the night. — So are friendly kisses like these half-unclosed roses — so, soft lisping, like the blossom-shower, so wave the thoughts as the flowers move in the grass; so trickles tear on tear, which fill the eye with overmeasured joy, as the raindrops pearl down from the boughs; and so pants the longing heart as the nightingale pants, by morning-blush inspired; she exults because she loves, she sighs for love, she complains of love: therefore sweet night — to sleep! sleep towards morning-blush, which brings me the sweet fruits all that ripen to love.

* * *

Friend! — it is not a fancy this inner world, it rests on knowing and on mystery, it rests upon a higher faith; Love is this inner world-spirit, it is the soul of nature.

Thoughts are in the spiritual world, what feelings are in the sensual world: it is delight of the spirit's senses, which fastens me to thee, so that I think of thee; it moves me deeply that thou art, and art born into this sensual world, that thy sensual appearance gives witness of the mind which reveals thee to me.

Love is intuition; I can only enjoy thee in musing, which learns to understand, to feel thee; but when once I shall wholly understand thee, doest thou then belong to me? — canst thou belong to any one, who understands thee not? — is not to understand thee a sweet sensual transition into the beloved one's mind? — there is an unique limit; it divides the bounded from the unbounded: to understand removes this limit; two who un-

derstand each other are within each other unbounded; — to understand is to love; what we do not love, that we do not understand; what we understand not, does not exist for us.

But as I would fain have thee, I muse on thee, because musing learns to understand thee.

* * *

If I be not wholly as thou oughtst to love me, then my conscience of thee is undone; — but this furthers me, brings me nearer to thee, when also my doing in the exterior life move in the rhythm of love, when nothing has power upon me but the feeling that I belong to thee, through my own free will am devoted to thee.

I have thee not in this exterior life, others pride in thy faithfulness, in thy trust, in thy devotion, delight with thee in the labyrinth of thy breast; being certain of thy possession, of giving thee joy.

I am nothing, I have nothing which thou

longest for; no morning wakes thee to ask after me, no evening leads thee home to me; — thou art not with me at home.

But in this inner world I trust in thee, I give me up to thee, all these strange paths of my mind lead to thee, nay, by thy mediation they are plained.

* * *

At the earliest morning upon the Johannisberg.

The sun-light steals through these bushes into my lap and plays beneath the shade of the moving leaves. Why before day-break already did I come up here? Here where the distance towers before me, and loses itself in the endless.

Yes! so it goes further and still further; the lands rise one behind the other on the horizon, and on mountain-heights we fancy to ascend to heaven's brink; there, fruit-laden vales spread, locked in by dusky hill-walls, and the lambs graze here and there.

And as the mountains rise one behind the other,

so do the days, and none is the last before that which is to unfold an eternity.*)

Where is the day, the hour which shall harbour me, as I do thee, sporting sun-beam? — Hope of return, harbour me! — thou, settled on the heights of my life, by heavens-purest breeze enwheeled, do harbour me in thy lap; let the beam of love which breaks forth from mine eyes play in thy bosom, like this morning-sunbeam in my lap.

* * *

Yesterday I longed, — I thought every moment, it was lost to me, because I had thee not.

To have thee for a moment, how blessed could that make me! —

How rich art thou, since thou canst bless through whole eternities with every moment!

Yesterday it was early in the morning when I wrote to thee. I had book and standish with

---

*) The day of return.

me, and I went before day-break along the vale which on both sides is narrowly enclosed between mountains, where the brooks purl down into the soft grass, and lisp like babies; what should I do? — It was in my heart, upon my lips and in my tear-swelling eye, I must bewail to thee, and dolesomely object against thee, that I have thee not; and then the sun was so caressing; — it rustled, it moved behind me — was it a deer? — was it a sigh in the distance? I nimbly stept upwards, I meant to overtake thee, and on the height — there the distance unbosomed itself to the look; the mists divided — it was as if thou camest answering to my prayers, mysteriously, and lookedst at me, and shelteredst me in thy to me unrevealed bosom.

Every eternal impulse, — it woos and attains; it is beyond the reach of time. — What have I to fear? — this longing can it die away, then thou wilt vanish with it; does it not, then it will attain what it longs for; and even now, I owe to it an inner world, manifold and individual; thoughts

and senses nourish me, and I feel myself in a most intimate sprightful sympathy with thy spirit.

Bountiful nature grants to be understood, and that is her wisdom, that she paints such images which are mirrors of our inner world, and he who contemplates her, penetrates into her depths, to him she will reveal the answers of hidden enigmas. Who embraces her, will feel himself understood in her; every one she indulges with truth, the despairing and the confiding one; she lightens the soul and proffers her wealth to the needy, she spurs the senses and exalts the mind by harmonizing intimation.

I believe also of thee, that thou hast often felt this, when thou rovest alone through woods and vales, or when in shadows-hidden noon thou surveyest the wide plains; then I believe that thou understandst the language of silence in nature, I believe that she exchanges thoughts with thee, that thou feelst thine own exalted nature reflected in her, and although painfully often shaken by her, still do I not believe that like others thou shouldst be timorous before her.

As long we are still children in mind, does nature with mother's-care cherish us, she nurses the spirit to make him grow, then she unfolds herself, a genius; then she summons to the highest, to self-intelligence, she will insight into the inner depths; and what dissension might play within them, to what annoyance ever given up — the trust in nature as in our genius will restore the pristine beauty. This I tell thee to-day, before going to sleep; — to thee I speak, parted by land and flood, parted, because thou doest not think of me; and every one who should know this, would call it madness*); and I speak to thee from my deepest soul, and though thy senses would leave me behind them, yet my mind insists upon telling thee all. Here from afar I speak with thee, and out of my senses I speak with thee this spirit-language. Thou art within my mind, it is no more one, it has become two within itself.

*) Madness to think not of the beloved.

* * *

In the evening after the tempest, which perhaps has removed to thee.

Abate, blustering heart, as the storm abates which lacerates the clouds, the thunders have rolled away, the clouds have done raining — one star after the other rises.

The night is quite still — I am quite alone — the distance is so far, it will not end; there only where a loving one dwells, is a home and no far-off; didst thou love, I should know where the distance will end.

Yes, heart! do abate; do not bluster, stay quietly. Stoop, as Nature stoops beneath the cover of the night.

What is the matter with thee, heart? feelst thou not? forebodest thou not? Whether it may happen and turn, night covers thee and love.

Night brings roses to light. When the gloom opens itself to light, then the roses fall out of her lap.

It is indeed night within thee, heart. Gloomy mysterious night weaves roses, and pours them all at day-break, to the delight of love into its lap.

Yes! — sighing, complaining, that is thy delight; begging, caressing — will this never end, heart? —

In the evenings I write, be it only a few lines; still it lasts till late in the night.

Much have I to think of — many spells do I utter before I lay the friend down by my charms. — And when I have raised thee! — then: — what shall I then say? — what news shall I find out for thee? — what stories shall these thoughts dance before thee, here on this paper? —

* * *

At the Rhine.

Here between the vine-hills stands a temple, like the Diana's-temple at Ephesus.

Yesterday at sunset I saw it lay in the distance; it lighted so daring, so proudly beneath

the stormclouds; the lightning's-fork entoiled it. So I fancy thy lightening brow like the cupola of yon temple, beneath whose eaves the birds sheltered their storm-ruffled plumage; — even so proudly settled and swaying around!

This morning, although the temple is far from my dwelling, yet as in the evening I had fancied to see thy image in it, I had a mind to come here and to write here to thee. At the first traces of day I hastened hither through bedewed meadows. — And now I lay my hand upon this little altar, encircled by nine columns, which bear witness that I swear to thee.

What, dearest? — What shall I swear to thee? — that I will still be true to thee, whether thou carest or not? — or that closely I will love thee? — closely; only confessing it to this book and not to thee? — To be true, I cannot swear, that would be too much security, and I am already given up to thee and cannot prevail with me, and so I cannot answer for my truth. Closely love thee, only intrusting it to this book? — this I cannot, this I will not; — this book is the echo

of my hidden thoughts, on thy bosom it will rebound. — Oh, do receive it, drink it, let it refresh thee; solely one sole hot mid-day let thy look sink, drunk, only a sole time in this clear glowing wine of love*). —

What shall I swear to thee? —

* * *

To-day I will tell thee how it was yesterday: — so roofed by a former world of beauties, enveiled in the thousand hues of morning-light, the hand upon this altar, which never perhaps may have been touched in such a mysterious sense. — Master! — then my heart was seized in a strange manner; — I asked thee jestingly, in sweet earnest: "what shall I swear?" — and then again I asked myself: "is this the world in which thou livest? — and mayst thou jest with thyself here in midst lonely nature, where all is silent,

*) In this book of love.

and solemnly listen to thy internal voice? — yonder afar in the open field, where the lark soars in jubilant exultance — and on the cornice of the temple, where the swallow hides her nest and twitters?" — and I leant my head on the stone and thought of thee; — I ran down to the bank and gathered balsamic herbs, and laid them on the altar; I thought: "might the leaves of this book full of love, sometimes yield fragrance to thy spirit, as these herbs do to the spirit of yon former beauties-world, in whose sense this temple here is built; — thy spirit like him speaks in the holy order of beauty, and whether I am any thing to thy spirit, whether I remain so to him, that must be the same.

Yes, sweet friend! whether I am any thing to thee, why shall I inquire? — as I know that the lark not vainly jubilant ascends, that the morning-breeze does not unfelt play within the branches — nay, that the whole nature is not unheard lost in her silence. Why should I be disheartened not to be understood, not to be felt by thee? — Therefore will I not swear to be any

thing to thee; it is certain to me that I am, what in harmonizing beauty, a tune of nature, a spiritual touch of this sensible world may be to thee.

* * *

July.

These days, these environs bear the features of Paradise. Plenteousness smiles to me in the ripening fruit; life exults within me; lonely as I am like the first man; — and like him I learn to sway and rule fortune, that the world shall be as I will. I will that thou makest me blessed, only because I know and am concerned with thee, and because thy ethical senses are the world of my spiritual creations; — into thee can I but lay this world of feelings, to thee can I but let appear the phenomena of exalted emotion. Thy beauty is bounty which nourishes me, protects and rewards me, comforts me and promises heaven to me; can a christian be better organized than I am? —

* * *

There I sit at last, amidst this plentiful nature with heart and soul, and so I must always again write to thee of this double-team*).

To-day I was in another temple which lies on the height, and commands the grandest german river in its most glorious magnificence, where innumbered villages and towns are seen pasturing upon its banks in its districts. In this sun-basking sky they lay there like reposing herds.

What avails me this splendour of nature? — what avails me this swarming life, this busy working, stretching through the gay fields? — the little boats hasten up and down past one another, each has its travelling aim. Like any of yonder ships hast also thou thine aim, and it passes by me, brisk as the course of the happy crosses more rapidly the way of the lonely deserted one. And I hear then no more of thee, that thou askest

*) Team of heart and soul.

after me; and to thy memory die away, like my sighs, the traces of remembrance.

Thus I thought yonder within the temple upon the height, as I looked down in the wide spread business of men, and revolved what new interests every moment might engage thee, and wholly banish me from thy world. And I heard the waves roar in the depth, and the flocks of birds fluttered around my seat, the evening-star beckoned me that I should come home. So much nearer do I now throng myself to thee: open thy bosom, and let me rest there from the tear-moved fancy I were nothing to thee, I were forgotten by thee. Oh no! — do not forget me! take me! — hold me fast and let the stillness around, utter its blessing over us.

* * *

Thou hast said it to me then at parting, thou hast asked from me to write thee all, and truly what I think and feel, and I would fain; but dearest, the strange ways, scarcely enlightened by the dawning torch of sense, how shall I describe them to thee? — These dreams of my happiness! — for happy do I dream myself, they are so stormy, so whimsically humored — it is so slight, what I often find out.

My happiness, as I fancy it, how shall I describe it to thee? — see the *moonsickle* in the cloudless sky, and the broad-boughed, rich-leaved lime; think! — see beneath its whispering foliage, also whispering and embracing one another — these two — how one requires the other, and ardently loving stretches up to him, how yon with friendly will inclines to him, and listens to the lisping of love; and think also, the *moonsickle*, the stars dare not set, till these souls sated in each other, spread their wings and ascend to higher worlds.

This would express to-day my happiness, oh dear friend, it would for once express it in full embracing sense.

As the eye seizes beauty, so does the spirit; it embraces the idea of inward and of outward beauty, with soothing accents brings both to chime, and the body touches with magical charms the spirit who thus flatters, and its emotion also reaches the body, so that both will blossom one in the other; and this we call inspiring beauty. My friend, this is the whispering of love: when lovers tell one another, they are beautiful.

* * *

Where then is the couch for the soul? — where does she feel calm enough to breathe and to recover herself? — in the narrow space is it, in the bosom of the friend! — to be at home in thee, leads to musing.

Ah! how well am I, when quite as a child I may play in thy presence, when all that I be-

gin, is hallowed by the feeling of thy presence; and that I may walk meandering within thy nature, which none knows, none guesses; — how beautiful is it, that I am alone with thee, there where the stars reflect themselves in the clear depth of thy soul.

Do grant me, that I thus have settled my world within thee, do not disturb with thy will, what self-will never could have produced.

I kiss the traces of thy feet, and will not force my way into thy sensual world, but be thou with me in the world of my thoughts; lay thy hand kindly upon the head which inclines, since it is consecrated to love.

The wind rattles against the window; through what lands has it swept? — whence does it come? — how rapidly has it fled from thee to me? — has it in its raging and blustering snatched no sigh with it, no breath from thee?

I have faith in the revelation of the spirit, it does not lie in mental feeling or in vision, nor in comprehension; it proceeds from the whole of apprehending organs; when they all serve love,

then they reveal what is to be loved, they are the mirror of the inner world.

To have a mental existence in the beloved one, without a sensible consciousness of him — what can more powerfully convince us of our own spiritual power and infinity?

* * *

Should I to-day have nothing to tell thee? — what troubles me then to-day at early morning? perhaps that the sparrows have driven the swallows out of their nest here beneath my window? — the swallows are prattling things, but they are friendly and peaceable; the sparrows argue, they persist and will not be plucked of their wit. When the swallow returns from her circling flight about her dwelling, then the little throat pours forth nought but flattering tales, their mutual chirping is the element of their loves-intimacy, as ether is the element of their worldly views. The sparrow flies here aud there, he has

his share of selfishness, he does not dwell like the swallow in the bosom of a friend.

And now is the swallow gone, and the sparrow sits in her abode, where sweet mysteries and dreams played their parts.

Ah! — Thou! my wanton pen had almost written thy name, while I am angry that the swallow is expelled by the sparrow. — I am the swallow: who is the sparrow, thou mayest know it, but surely I am the swallow.

* * *

At midnight.

Singing beneath my window; — they are sitting upon the bench at the door; the moon as she plays with the clouds, may have brought them to sing, or perhaps the weariness of repose; the voices spread through the lonely night, there is nothing to be heard but lashing of the waves on the shore, which replenish the long intervals of this song.

What is this song to me? why am I given up to its power, that I scarcely may restrain my tears? — it is a cry afar; wert thou yonder, where its last sounds die away, and feltest the expression of the hearty desire, it has raised in me, and knewest that in thee reposed the happiness of yielding content!

Ah to sleep! — no longer to listen to the song, since I still shall not hear from afar a harmonizing echo!

It is trifling what I impart to thee, monotonous singing, moon-beams, deep shadows, *ghost-fitted* stillness, listening into the distance, that is all — and yet there is nothing, a full heart had more to lay before thee.

* * *

Friend! day-break already wakes me, and yet did I yesterday watch late into night. Friend! sweet one! beloved one! it was a short season of sleep, for I have dreamt of thee; waking or dreaming, with thee the coursers hurry wildly

on. Therefore throbs the heart, and cheek and temples inflame, because time, so heedless of blissful moments hastens by. If there were no anxiety, lest possession should take flight, how profound a peace, what a sleep, what ease of stillness would love and delight then be! — when we pass by graves, and remind how they are lying there covered and becalmed, the throbbing hearts, then solemn emotion overcomes us; but if love could bury itself to one and one, as is its need, as deeply secluded as in the grave, and if even the world's-events should dance over the spot — what could it be to us? — yes! — this I may ask, but not thou.

What I dreamt? — We stood leaning on one another in nightly dusk, the starlight was mirrord in thine eyes. Dreamlight, starlight, eyelight were mirrord in one another. — This eye, that here follows the lines, which my hand writes to thee into unmeasured distance, — for alas! how far thou art, that only thy heart may decide — this eye saw last night the light of the moon, mirrord in thine eye. —

I dreamt of thee, thou dreamtest with me, thou spokest, I still feel the sound of thy voice; what thou saidst I know no more, flattering speeches they were, for with thy speeches voluptuous showers poured over me.

God made all, and all by wisdom, and all wisdom for love, and yet they say, that one who loves is mad.

Wisdom is the atmosphere of love, he who loves breathes wisdom, it is not out of him, no! — his breathing is wisdom, his look, his feeling; — a halo, which parts it from all that is not love's *will*, which is *wisdom*.

Wisdom of love gives all, it wields fancy in the realm of dreams, and bestows upon the lips the sweet fruit which quenches their thirst; whilst the uninspired search for the soil, to entrust it with the seed, that shall ripen into their happiness, which by their very pursuit they will miss.

But I suck enjoyment out of these dreams, these delights, which a fancying of pain, an illusory happiness awakens within me, and the wisdom which streams to my inspiration, bears

me on its high proud waves, far beyond the bounds of the common perception, which we call understanding, and far above the path of earthly life, on which we seek our happiness.

How delightful, that the wisdom of love really rules my dreams, that the God guides the helm, where I have no will, and bears me sleeping to the goal, which to reach I would fain always be awake. Why doest not thou also dream of me? — why doest not thou call me on thy side? why not hold me in thine arms and sweetly immerse thy look into mine.

Ay, thou art here! — these sunny paths entwine themselves and lead at last to thee; oh, wander along them; their labyrinthine mazes — they at last may be solved where thy look meets mine, as the enigma in my breast is solved, where thy spirit touches mine.

* * *

To-day I read in these pages; — mere sighs and longing.

How ashamed should I stand before thee, if thou shouldst read in this book! — be it then concealed and only written to my own disgrace. — No, I must think on thee and believe that all will one day pass before thy mind, although I often feel as if I would fly thee, thee and this strange whim of longing; — whim I must call it, for it desires all and asks for nothing. But this averting from thee becomes a double charm; then it drives me at morning-blush up the mountain, as if I could come up with thee; and what is the end of it? — that I return to my book. Well, what matters it? days pass in this way or in another, how can I lose what I again recover in these pages.

* * *

To-day I was out early, I took the first field-path; the partridges were frightened, still so early it was; the meadows lay there in the morning-splendour, overspun with threads, upon which the dew-pearls were strung.

Sometimes Nature outweighs thee, I feel the truth of thy song: "*Be gone thou dream, though golden, here too is love and life.*" Such a walk, when I return among men, makes me lonely.

Alas! — tame people, I understand not their spirit. — Spirit guides, indicates, flies on before, upon ever new paths, or comes to meet us like passion, and sinks within the breast and stirs there. Spirit is volatile as ether, therefore love seeks it, and when she apprehends it, then she consumes in it. This is my stratagem that love traces spirit.

Thee I do trace in lonely ways, when it is still and quiet then does each leaf lifted by the wind whisper of thee, then I let my thoughts

stand still, and listen, then the senses spread themselves like a net to catch thee. — It is not the great Poet, not thy world-applauded renown! — in thine eyes it rests, in the careless and solemn motion of thy limbs, in the vibrations of thy voice, in this silence and abiding, till speech unfolds itself in the depth of thy heart to words; how thou goest and comest and letst thy look sweep over all, and no bright quality can outweigh these passion-raising signs.

There I swerve between hedges, I push my way through bushes, the sun burns, I lay myself in the grass, I am not tired, but because my world is a dream-world. It draws me thither only for moments, it raises me up to thee, whom I do not compare with men. — With the chequered lights and their blue shadows, with the bird's rustling in the wood, with waters that babble between stones, with the wind rocking the leafy boughs to meet the sun-light; with these I like to compare thee, it is as though thy humour broke forth in them. — The hum of bees, the swerving in the air bears to me thy approach;

yes, even the dogs baying from afar in the night-wind wakes up in me traces of thee; when the clouds play with the moon, when they swim in light, cleared up; then all is spirit, plainly breathed forth from out thy breast: then it is as though *thou Spirit* turnedst to meet me, and wert content to be borne upon the breath of love as upon waves.

Look! — thus do I love Nature, because I love *thee*, so I fain repose in her and sink in her, because I fain sink in the remembrance of thee.

Ah! since thou art nowhere, and yet art there, because I feel thee more than all else, then thou must surely be in this thousandfold echo of my feelings.

* * *

I know one! — as with infant's smiles has he made friends with wisdom, with knowledge. The life of Nature is to him temple and religion; all within her is to him spirit-glance, divination; each object in her became for him an individuated *thou;* in his songs sounds forth the divine joy to feel himself in all, to harbour all mysteries, and in them become to himself intelligible.

* * *

When the seed comes into the earth, it becomes alive, and this life strives into a new realm, into the air. If the seed had not already life in itself, it could not be awaked in it, it is *life* which passes into life. If man had not already bliss within himself, he could not become blessed. The germ of heaven lies in the breast as the germ of blossom lies in the shut seed. Bliss is as much

a blossoming in a higher element as yonder plant, which is born out of the seed through the earth to a higher element, into the air. All life is nourished by a higher element, and where it is withdrawn from it, it dies off.

Cognition, revelation is seed of a higher life; earthly life is the soil in which it is scattered, in dying the whole seed springs up to light; growing, blossoming, bearing fruit from the seed which the spirit has here laid in us, this is life after death.

Thou art the ether of my thoughts, they float through thee and are borne in flight by thee like the birds by the air.

To think on thee, to abide in the consciousness of thee, that is repose from flight, as the bird reposes in its nest.

Spirit in spirit is infinite, but spirit in the senses, in feeling, is the infinite contained in the finite.

My thoughts overswarm thee, as the bees do the blooming tree. They touch a thousand blossoms, leaving one to visit another, and each is new to them, so too does love ever repeat herself and every repeating is new to her.

* * *

Love is everlasting first-born, it is eternally one single moment; time is nothing to it, it is not within time, for it is eternal; love is brief. Eternity is a celestial briefness.

Nothing celestial passes over, but what is earthly passes over by the celestial.

* * *

Here upon the table lie grapes in their fragrance, and peaches in their fur, and gay-striped pinks, the rose lies in front and catches up the only sun-beam which pierces through the closed shutters. How glows the rose? — Psyche I call it; — how does the glowing red attract the beam within the immost chalice! how fragrant breathes it; — here the work praises the master. — Rose how doest thou praise light! — as Psyche praises Eros. — Most beauteous is Eros, and his beau-

teousness penetrates Psyche as the light penetrates the rose. — And I, who fancy myself even so petrated by thy beauty, step before the mirror — if that beautifies me like the rose.

The beam has yielded to evening: the rose lies in the shadow, I rove through wood and mead, and on lonely paths I think on thee — that thou too like light penetratest me.

* * *

Longing and fore-feeling lie in one another, one forces up the other.

The spirit will espousal with sense: I will be loved or I will be felt, is the same.

Therefore the spirit does well, because we feel how that which is spiritual, passes over to heavenly life and becomes immortal.

Love is the spiritual eye, it reviews and avows what is heavenly, they are presentiments of higher truths which make us ask for love.

In thee I behold a thousand germs, which

blossom to immortality. I think, I must breathe on them all. — When spirits touch one another, that is divine electricity.

All is revelation; it gives the spirit, and then the spirit's spirit. We have of love the spirit, whose spirit is of love, the art.

All is nought, the will alone reaches above, the will alone can be divine.

* * *

How eager is the soul after truth, how does she thirst, how does she drink! — as the panting earth who has a thousand plants to nourish, drinks in the fruitful thunder-shower: — truth is also electric fire like the lightning. — I feel the wide cloud-over-drifted heaven in my breast; I feel the damp storm-wind in my head; the soft nigh-rolling of thunders, how they increase, mightily, — they attend the electric fire of the spirit. — Life! a course which concludes with death through

love, through spirit; — a secret hidden fire which by this conclusion pours forth into light.

Yes! electric fire! — this glows! this roars! — and the sparks — the thoughts fly out of the chimney!

Who touches me in the feeling of my spirituality, with him together uproars the spirit tempestuously and plays in the pulse-stroke of the storms, in the electric vibrations of the air. — This I have felt as we spoke together, and thou didst touch my hand.

Written after the tempest, when after the storm it was once more brightening up, and the night of the returning day took the realm.

* * *

Many a prejudice have I loosened young as I am, could I but loosen that one, that time consumes! — hunger and thirst do not become older, so it is too with the spirit, in the present it stipulates the future. He who lays claim to the

future, who hastens on before time, how can he be subjected to time? —

I became aware that on the trees, always behind the decaying leaf, the germ of a future blossom already lies concealed: so too is life in the young, fresh, vigorous body the nourishing rind of the spirit's blossom; and as it withers and falls off in the earthly season, so does the spirit push its way through it, a heavenly blossom.

When late in autumn I stripped off the dead foliage from the hedges in passing by, then I gathered up this wisdom. I opened the buds, I dug up the roots, everywhere did the future throng itself through the whole strength of the present; thus then there is no age, no decease, but only everlasting sacrifice of time to the new young spring-life; and who would not sacrifice himself to the future, how unhappy were he! —

* * *

For temple-service am I born, where not the air of sanctuary breathes homely on me — there I feel myself uneasy-as if I were gone astray.

Thou art my temple! when I will be with thee I clean myself from daily sorrows like one who puts on festival raiments; so thou art the induction to my religion.

I call religion that which seizes the mind in the moment of its development, leads it on in prospering, like the sun does the blossom lead to fruits. Thou lookst on me like the sun and fannest me like the western breezes — by such chering enticements blossom my thoughts.

This epoch of life with thee traces a limit, which bounds the eternal, because all what forms itself within this limit declares the celestial; it traces an embrace of an inner life: call it religion, revelation of all the unmeasurable, which the spirit is able to embrace.

What is waking will awake! — certainly in

thee wakes what does awake me. From thee proceeds a voice which calls into my soul. — That which by this voice be awakened is mystery; mystery enlightens.

Much do I see and feel which is difficult to explain by words. He who loves learns to know, knowing teaches to love, so perhaps I shall increase in this revelation which now is still but fore-feeling. Since this moment where it came so joyfully into my mind, to pour into thy bosom my thoughts, my musing life, I feel as if I had roused myself out of deep shadow into sunny breezes.

* * *

In the garden, where as a child I walked, there grew along the smooth stone-wall a wild virgin-vine*). At that time I often beheld its little velvet tendrils, with which it strives to take hold

*) creeper.

of the stone-wall, I wondered at this indissoluble clinging in every crevice, and when the spring was exhausted, and the summer-glowings fired the young soft germing-life of this tender plant, then its fine red-coloured leaves, to set off the autumn, gently fell down into the grass. — Ah! I too! decaying but ardently shall I take leave of thee, and these leaves like yonder red-coloured foliage will play on the green plot which will cover these times.

* * *

I am not false to thee! — thou sayest: "*if thou wert false, that would not honour thy wit, I am easily to be deceived.*"

I will not be false, I ask not if *thou* art false, but such as thou art I will attend thee.

The star which every evening shines to the lonely one, will not be betrayed by him.

What hast thou done to me which could move me to falsehood, all what in thee I am aware makes me blessed; thou canst wrong nei-

ther eye nor spirit, and it has raised me far above every mean reserve, that I am allowed to trust in thee, and out of my deepest heart, I can but pour in for thee the pure wine of truth, in which thy image is mirrored.

Is it not? thou doest not believe that I am false? —

There are bad faults which break forth in us like a fever; it has its course, and we feel in convalescense, that we were grieveously ill; but falsehood is a venom which engenders itself in the midst of the heart; — could I no longer shelter thee in this midst, what should I begin?

In my letters I would not mention this, but here in this book I let thee lay thy hand in the wound, and it grieves that thou canst doubt me. I will tell thee of my infant-days, of the time before I had seen thee; how my whole life was a preparing for thee; how long is it that I know thee? — how often have I seen thee with closed eyes! — and how wondrous was it, when at last the real world in thy presence did join to the long entertained expectation.

* * *

In the hanging gardens of Semiramis I was brought up, a smooth, brown, fine-limbed little roe, tame and courteous to every one caressing it, but unruly in its capricious propensities. Who could tear me from the glowing rock in the noon-tide-sun? — who could have checked me, climbing the steepest heights and tops of trees? — who could have awakened me out of my dreaming oblivion amidst the living ones, or disturbed my inspirated night-wanderings on the mist-clouded path! — they let me go on, the Fates, Muses and Graces, who were all hemmed in this narrow dale which sent a threefold echo of the mill's clapping into the surrounding forests; crossed by the gold-sand-river, whose banks yonder were rented by a gipsy-gang, which at night encamped in the wood and by day fished gold in the river, and on this side were used by the bleaching people and by the neighing horses and the asses which belong to the mills. There the summer-nights were har-

became ardent. — There rung the alarm-bell of the cloister-steeple, the Fates and Muses hastened in their night-gowns with their sacred tapers to the vaulted choir, I saw heneath my storm-ruffled tree the hastening lights sweep through the long galleries — soon their *ora pro nobis* sounded amidst the storm, as often the lightning flashed they rang the consecrated bell; the thunder did not strike as far as its sound was heard.

I alone yon side the clausure, beneath the tree in this terror-night, and all those, the cherishers of my childhood, like a timorous and bashful flock, hedged up in the inmost fire-proof vault of their temple, singing litanies for averting danger. This seemed me so very merry beneath my leafy roof, in which the wind raved, and the thunder, like a roaring lion, swallowed up the litany together with the pealing; on this spot none of those would have ventured to stand by me; that made me vigorous against that which alone was to be feared, against fear; I felt myself not forsaken amidst the all-embracing nature. The gushing rain did not even disturb the flowers on their fine

stalk, what harm should it do me? — I must have blushed before the confidence of the little birds, had I been afraid.

* * *

Thus have I gently got confidence and become familiar with Nature, and have jestingly undergone many trials. Storm and tempest drew me forth with them and this delighted me; the hot sun I did not shun, I laid down in the grass among the swarming bees, with blossom-twigs between my lips, and felt certain they would not sting my lips, because I was such friends with nature; and so I defied all that others feared; and at night, on haunted ways into dark thickets: there I was allured, and every where I was at home, — and nothing had I to fear.

Aloft in the first and highest garden stood the convent-church on a grass-plot, which sloped down along the rocky soil and was surrounded by a high-grown vine-roofed walk; it led to the vestry-door; here I often sat when I had ended

my business in the church, for I was vestry-keeper, an office, which imposed on me to clean the chalice in which the consecrated hosts were kept, and to wash the chalice-napkins; this office was only entrusted to the favorite among the young girls; the nuns had unanimously elected me to it. Many a hot after-noon have I sat under the arch of this door; to the left in the corner of the cloister's buildings stood the bee-house, beneath lofty yew-trees, to the right the little bee-garden, planted with fragrant herbs and pinks, out of which the bees sucked honey. From thence I could see into the distance; the distance — that raises such strange feelings in the infant-soul, and which, ever one and the same lies before us, moved in light and shade, and awakes the first awful presension of a veiled future; — there I sat and saw the bees return home from their ramblings, I saw them rolling in the farina of the flowers, and how they flew further and further into the unmeasured distance, how they vanished in the blue sun-lit ether, and amidst these fits

of melancholy began to rise the presentiment of unmeasured happiness too.

Yes, sadness is the mirror of happiness, thou seest, thou feelest expressed in it a bliss, for which it longs. Ay, and again in happiness glimmer through all the splendour of joy — this dolesome voluptuousness. Yes! happiness is also the mirror of this sadness, rising up from unfathomable depths. And just now in the remembrance as in my infant-years, my soul is filled with that melting mood which softly came over me at twilight, and then again gave way, when sun-light had changed with star-light, and the evening-dew had uncurled my ringlets. The cold night-breeze steeled me. I courted, I teased playfully with the thousand eyes of darkness which glittered through every bush. I climbed up the chesnut-trees and laid myself so limber and smoothly on their boughs, when then the breeze curled through them, and each leaf whispered to me, it was as if they were speaking in my tongue. I mounted the high grape-trellis which leaned against the church-wall and listened to the swallows prattling in their nests;

half-dreaming they twitter two- and three-syllabled sounds, and in profound peace the little breast sighs forth a sweet tone of content. All happy love, all delight, that her little bed is lined with a friendly warmth.

Oh, woe to me, that my heart is so deeply pained, because I have beheld this life of nature in my infant-days. These thousandfold love-sighs panting the summer-night through, and in midst of this a lonesome child, lonesome till in the inmost heart, listening to its delights, its fervency, and in the cups of the flowers inquiring after their mysteries, imbibing their fragrance like a lesson of wisdom, asking a blessing upon the grape before tasting it.

But there was a lofty tree with fine fantastic branches, broad velvet-leaves, spreading out like an arbour, I often lay beneath its cool vault and saw above how the light eyed through, — and there I lay with uncovered neck in deep slumber; yes, I dreamed of sweet love-gifts — most surely! or I had not understood the tree when I awoke. Because the ripe fruit just loosened from its

branches, in falling moistened my breast with its juice — the beautiful dark over-ripe blood of the mulberry, I did not know it, I had never seen it, but with confidence my lips consumed it, as lovers consume the first kiss, and there are kisses, which, I feel, taste like mulberries.

Say, are these adventures? — and worth relating to thee.

* * *

And shall I tell thee still more of these simple events, which are as common as the breath which heaves the breast? — and yet upon the pure still unwritten tablet of remembrance they made an indelible impression. See! as the whole sensuousness of nature nourishes the child in swaddling-band to thrive in senses and powers, till he becomes a man, to rule with his limbs horse and sword, so too does the feeling of the spirituousness of nature serve as nourishment of the spirit. Not even now should I catch up yon

sun-beams with the glance of remembrance, should not now still recall the cloud-drifts as lofty events, the flowers of vanished springs would not still to-day smile upon me in their colours and shapes, and the ripe fruits which I fondled before I tasted them, would not, after vanished years as out of yon blissful dreams, remind me of the hidden joy. — They smiled upon me, the round apples, the striped pears and the dark cherries, for which I climbed to the topmost branches. Oh, no remembrance so burns within my heart, upon my lips, to which these might yield, — not thou, not others have made me amends for the sweet fare of the cherry ripened on the highest top, in burning sun-shine; or the wood-lone straw-berry, discovered amidst the dewy grass. Thus, while it is then so deeply engraven in the spirit, the enjoyment of infancy's youth — deep as the flaming characters of passion, it may then be also a divine revelation, and it stipulates much within the breast, in which it roots.

Thoughts are also plants, they float in spiritual ether; sensation is their parent soil, in which

they cherish and extend their roots; the spirit is their atmosphere, in which they spread their blossoms and their fragrance; — the spirit in which many thoughts blossom, is an aromatic spirit; nigh to it we breathe its purity. The whole of Nature is a mirror of what happens in the spirit's life. Not a butterfly have I chaced, but my spirit was enabled in it to pursue a hidden ideal charm, and did I press my throbbing heart to the tall herbs of the blooming earth; I lay on the bosom of a divine Nature, and on my fervour, on my longing she dropped a cooling balsam, which changed all desire into contemplation.

The wandering herds in the evening's twilight with their tinkling bells, which from the wall above I beheld with a silent rapture, the shepherd's pipe, who in moony-nights led his sheep from pasture to pasture, the baying of the dog in the distance, the chasing clouds, the sigh-swelling night-gales, the rushing stream; the soft lashing of the waves on the flinty beach, the slumbering of the plants, their soaking of morning-light, the wrestling and sporting of the mists. — Oh,

say! what spirit has proffered me the same again? — thou? — hast thou so intimately joined me as the evening-shadows! has thy voice, mournfully kind, penetrated me like yon distant reed? has the dog with his bark made my heart throb for some one who comes to meet me on secret path? — and have I, like yonder drowsy nature laid myself to rest with the consciousness of assuaged longing? — No! — only in the mirror of nature have I learned it, and beheld the images of a higher world. — Be then aware of these impartings as events of high enjoyment and charming love-adventures. — What have I not learned to prognosticate and to conceive? — And what more dare we ask of life, what can it do better within us than to prepare us for bliss? — If then senses and spirit were so moved by this stirring of nature, if desire was so strained by her languishing, if her thirsting, her drinking, her burning and consuming, her vegetating, her brooding floated through the heart; say! — what of love's bliss have I not experienced, and what flower would not exhale to me in Paradise, and what fruit not ripen?

Therefore receive these hieroglyphics of a loftier bliss, as my memory records them one after another. Oh look! the book of remembrance in thy presence opens these leaves; thou! — thou perhaps wilt pluck for me in Paradise these apples from the unforbidden tree; on thy bosom shall I awake yonder, and the melodies of a bliss-bestowing creation will breathe my rapture into thy breast.

* * *

One thing keep in thy heart, that thou hast made upon me the purest impression of beauty, to which I have directly sworn allegiance, and that nothing can enfringe upon thy pristine nature, and that my love is in intimate understanding with this.

* * *

The height of bliss ascends as far, as it can be comprehended, what the spirit does not comprehend does not make him happy; in vain would cherubim and seraphim bear him higher upon their wings, where by his own power he could never sustain himself.

* * *

Presensions are emotions to lift the wings of the spirit higher; longing is a proof that the spirit seeks a higher bliss; spirit is not alone gift of comprehension, but also feeling and instinct of the sublime, through which its appearance, the thought, is to be developed; thinking is not the essential; we could dispense with it, were it not the mirror for the soul, in which her spirituality is reflected.

* * *

The closed seed and the blossom which springs from it, are not comparable with one another, and yet is its first germing the forefeeling of this blossom, and so it grows and thrives with increasing security, till blossom and fruit aver its first instinct, which, could it be lost, would bear neither blossom nor fruit.

* * *

And if even I write it in this book, that I am sad to-day, can it console me? how waste are these lines! ah, they mark the time of forsaking! Forsaken! was I then ever joined to what I love? Was I understood? ah! — why do I wish to be understood? — all is mystery, all nature, her magic, her love, her bliss, even as her pains. The summer-sun shines and calls forth blossom and fruit, but the shadows and the winter-time follow

him. — Are then the trees also as inconsolable as full of despair in their winter, as the heart in its desertion? — do the plants yearn? — do they strive to blossom as my heart to-day strives to love, to be felt? — thou! to feel me? — who art thou that I must ask it of thee? — Alas! — the whole world is dead, each breast is void! were there but one heart, one spirit which would awake to me.

* * *

Come, let us once more roam through the hanging gardens in which my childhood was at home, allow thyself to be led through the long arbour-walks to the steeple, where with little trouble I brought the bell into swing, to call to meal or prayers, and in the evening at seven, I three times tolled the Angelus to call the guardian-angels to the sleepers night-watch. Oh, then the evening-purple was cutting into my heart, and so did the waving gold into which the clouds

sank; — oh, I know even to-day that it pained me, when I passed so lonely through the slumbering flower-field, and the wide, wide heaven spread about me in winged haste driving its clouds together, like a flock which it had to drive further, unfolding their red blue and yellow mantle, and then again other colours, till the shadows overpoured it. There I stood and saw the benighted birds with quick speed fly to their nest, and I thought, if one would only fly into my hand and I were to feel its little heart flutter I should be content; yes! I thought that a bird which was tame with me could make me happy. But no bird flew into my hand, each had already chosen another way, and I with my longing was not understood. Yet then I believed that all nature only consisted in the conception of feelings — that therefrom came the blossoming of all flowers, that thereby the light melted into all colours, that therefore the evening-breeze breathed such gentle shivering over the heart, and on that account the sky bounded by the shore was mirrored in the waves. I saw the life of Nature,

and I believed that a spirit which answered to the sadness that filled my breast was himself this life, that it was his instigations, his thoughts which formed these day- and night-wanderings of nature. Yes! — and I young child felt that I must melt into this spirit, and that to consume in it was the only bliss, I strove to die away, without knowing what dying was; I was insatiate in breathing in the night-gale at full draughts, I stretched my hands into the air, and the fluttering garment, the flying hair proved to me the presence of nature's loving spirit. I let the sun kiss me with closed eyes, then I opened them to him, and my gaze was strong to endure it; I thought: wilt thou let him kiss thee and shouldst thou not look at him? —

From the church-garden the stairs over which the foaming water poured down, led into the second garden, which was circular and surrounded with flower-beds a large basin in which water spouted up; around the basin stood lofty pyramids of yew, sprinkled over with purple berries, from which oozed forth a crystal-clear resin-drop.

I still know all, and this particularly was my favorite-pleasure, to see the first rays of the morning-sun playing in these resin-diamonds.

The water ran out of the basin, under ground to the end of the round garden, and from there again gushed down a flight of stairs, into the third garden, which quite surrounded the round one, and lay just so deep that the tops of its trees waved like a sea round it. It was so delightful when they blossomed, or when the apples and cherries were ripe and the laden boughs reached over. Often I lay in the hot midday-sun beneath these trees; and midst this soundless nature where no blade stirred, the ripe fruit dropped down into the high grass beside me: I thought, thee too none will find! then I stretched forth my hand towards the golden apple and touched it with my lips, that it might not have existed quite in vain.

* * *

The gardens were beautiful, enchanting! were they not? There below, the water collected in a stone fountain, which was surrounded by lofty firs; then it curled down from terrace to terrace, gliding smoothly into stone-basins, where it assembled and flowing beneath the earth came to the wall, which enclosed all the gardens; from there the water poured down into the vale, for this last garden was also lying on the height; then it ran away in a rivulet farther, I know not whither. I looked then from above down into its gushing, spouting and becalmed rolling course. I saw it grow larger and artfully spring aloft, playing around in fine beams; it hid itself, but soon came again and hastened down the high stairs; I hastened after it, met it in a clear fountain, surrounded by dusky firs beneath whose boughs the nightingales were at home. There it was so pleasing; there I played with my bare feet in the cool water. — And then it ran away

hidden, and I could see, when it came down the wall from the outside, but I could not pursue it where it ran away, and I could not lay hold on it. Ah, there came wave behind wave — it streamed incessantly down the steps; the spring played night and day and never became exhausted; but there where it ran away from me, just there my heart longed for it and there I could not go with it; and if I had been allowed, and had gone with it, through all the meadows, through all the vales, through the desert; — where would the brook have led me!

Yes Sir! I see thee rush and stream, I see thee artfully play, I see thee day after day calmly wander and bend thy path suddenly away out of the realm of confidence, careless that a loving heart which was fancying there its home, should remain deserted.

Thus the rivulet, on the banks of which I played away my childhood, painted to me in its undulating crystal the features of my destiny, and at that time I already bemoaned, that they felt not related to me.

Oh, do but come and once more play with me through my infant-days, thou owest to me to let my sighs sound amongst thy melodies, as long I ask for no more than to claim upon a child's longing after the rivulet, to which also I must comply to let it break forth and hurry on vigorously abroad, — abroad, where it was certain that my image never should be mirrored in it.

* * *

To-day*) we have Maundy-thursday — on this day the little temple-warden has much to do, all the flowers which the early season grants us are plucked, snow-drops, crocuses, daisies and the whole field full of hyacinths adorn the white altar, and then I bring the surplices, twelve children with loosened hair are invested with them, they are to perform the apostles. After having wandered round the altar, we sit down in a se-

*) speaking of the past time.

micircle, and the old abbess with her high silver-staff, involved in her veil with long training mantle, kneels down before us, to wash our feet; one nun holds the silver basin and pours in the water, the other reaches the linen for drying; meanwhile all the bells are pealing, the organ sounds, two nuns play the violin, one the bassviol, two sound the trumpet, one beats a whirling roll on the kettle-drums, and all the others with high voices chant the litany: *"Saint Peter, we salute thee, thou art the stone on which the church reposes."* Then they go on to Paul, and thus one apostle after the other is to be saluted, till all the feet are washed. — Now, see! — this is a day for which we had already rejoiced three months before. The church was filled with people, they thronged themselves around our procession and wept heartfelt tears about the laughing innocent apostles.

From this day the garden is unclosed, which during the winter had not heen approached; every child runs to its little flower-garden, there the rosemary has wintered very well, the little pinks are scraped out beneath the withered leaves,

straw-berries are transplanted and budding violets carefully planted in pots; I put them near my bed and lay my head very close to them, that I may breathe their fragrance throughout the night.

* * *

Oh, what am I to tell all this to the man, whose spirit far from such childish doings is led to other spheres! — why to thee, whom I would flatter, whom I would allure; thou shalt be friendly to me; thou shalt unconsciously, gently endeavour to love me, while I chat thus with thee. — Could I then have told nothing more delightful, more important, that should move thee, that thou shouldst call me: "dearest child," shouldst press me to thy bosom, sweetly affected by what thou listenest to.

Ah! I know nothing better, I know no joyousness more beautiful than that of the early spring, no longing more hearty than that for the bloom-

ing of my flower-beds, no more ardent thirst than overcame me, when I stood amidst the beauteous blooming Nature, all around me in a wanton luxurious thriving. Nothing has touched on me with more cheering sympathy and more compassionately than the sun-beams of the young year, and couldst thou be jealous, it could only be of this time; for truly I long for it again.

* * *

A sun rises to us; he wakes the spirit like the young day, at his setting it goes to sleep; when he ascends, a thriving awakes in the heart like spring; when he stands high, then the mind glows mightily, it overstretches the earthly tendence and learns by revelation; when the sun inclines to eventide, then comes the moment of reflection; remembrance follows his setting; in the shadow's-calm we remember the soul's undulating upon the high sea of light, the inspiration in the season of glowing, and with these dreams we go

to sleep. But there are spirits, who rise so high, that to them the sun of love never sets, and the new day joins the vanishing one.

* * *

The lonesome time alone is what remains to me, what I recall is of a lone life, and what I have gone through has made me alone; the whole wide world dyed in all hues plays around the lonesome spirit; it reflects in it, but does not penetrate it.

Spirit is in itself; that which it perceives, which it comprehends is its own tendency, its own power; its highest revelation is to comprehend its own power. I believe in death this may be revealed to it; till then it has only incredulous visions; had I believed in them more early, then my spirit had striven to attain what it fancied impossible, and had acquired what it longed for; for longing manifests the veracity of its aim, it is inspiration and emboldens the spirit. Nothing should

be too daring for the spirit, as all lies in its power; it is the warrior whom no weapon deceives; it is the generous whose plenty pours forth copiously without end; it is the blessed to whom all is voluptuousness; nay! spirit is divinity; the breast inhales the air and releases it, again to inhale it, and this is life. The spirit desirously drinks up the divinity and breathes it out again to drink it, and this is the spirit's life, all else is chance, is the trace, the history of spirit, not its life.

* * *

The spirit is lonesome because it is animated only by *one*, which is love. Love is all; the spirit is lonesome, because love alone is all. Love is for him alone whose whole being is in it. Love and spirit behold one another, for they live one in the other and can be seen of themselves alone.

I too in my infancy was then alone; the

stars looked at me, I understood them, love speaks by them.

Nature is the language of love, love speaks to infancy by nature. The spirit is a child here upon earth, therefore has love created sweet blessed child-like nature, as a language for the spirit.

Were the spirit independent, then love would perhaps use another language. — Nature guides and proffers what the spirit needs; she teaches, she relates, she invents, she comforts, she protects and guards the spirit's immaturity. Perhaps when she once has led spirit beyond childhood, she guides it no more, but yields it up to its own power, perhaps that yonder life is the spring-time of the spirit, as this life is its childhood; for we long after spring, after youth till our last moment, and this earthly life is only a prefiguration of the spirit's youth, releasing it from infancy, as the seed releases the germ into a life of ether.

Blossoming is spirit; it is beauteousness, it is art, and its exhaling fragrance is also a striving into a higher element.

* * *

Come with me, friend! do not shrink from the dewy-wet evening, I am a child and thou art a child, we fain lie beneath the open sky and look at the easy drift of evening-clouds which swim over us in purple garment. Oh come! — no dream more blessed, no event more prosperous than repose, still repose in existence; blessed that it is so, and no fancying it could be otherwise or it must happen otherwise. No! not in paradise it will be more beauteous than is this calm peace, which gives no account, no surveying of joyousness because every moment is but bliss; such moments I live with thee, only because I fancy thee at my side in yon infant-years; there we are both of one mind, and what I try in life is reflected in thee, and what should I be to live if I did not behold it in thee.

How spirit does become sentient of itself, by what does it prevail upon itself, but by that, that it has love! — I have thee, my friend, thou wanderest with

me, thou reposest at my side, my words are the spirit which thy breast breathes forth.

* * *

All sensual nature becomes spirit, all spirit is sensual life of the divinity. — eyes ye see! — ye drink light, hues and forms! — Oh eyes, ye are nourished by divine wisdom, but ye offer all to love, ye eyes; that the evening-sun plays a glory over ye and the cloudy sky teaches you a divine harmony of colours, in which all agrees; the far blue heights, the green seed, the silver river, the black wood, the grey mist, this ye eyes, nature the mother gives you to drink, while the spirit spends the beauteous evening in beholding the Beloved. Oh ye ears, the wide stillness sounds around ye, within it raises the soft nigher-roaring of the stormwind, then rouses another, it bears to you tones from afar, the waves beat sighing on the shore, the leaves whisper, nothing moves in lonesomeness, which does not confide

in ye, ye ears. Ye are nourished by all nature's managing, while ear and eye and language and enjoyment, are deeply sunk in the bosom of the friend. Ah, paradise-like meal, where the fare turns itself into wisdom, where wisdom is voluptuousness, and where this becomes revelation.

This fruit, ripe and fragrant, sinking down out of the ether! — what tree has shaken it off from its overladen boughs? while we are leaning cheek on cheek, forgetful of it and of time. These thoughts, are they not apples which are ripened on the tree of wisdom, and which it casts down into the lap of the loving ones, who abide in its paradise and rest in its shadow. — At that time love was in the child's breast, which tightly folded and enshrined, enclosed its sensations, like the young germ its blossom. Then love was, and to its striving the bosom expanded and opened itself to unfold its bloom.

* * *

One nun was invested during the three years I was in the convent, another we buried; I laid the cypress-wreath upon her coffin; she was the gardener and for many years she had trained the rosemary which was planted on her grave. She was eighty years of age, and death touched her gently, while she was setting sprouts from her darling carnations; there she sat kneeling on the ground, holding in her hand the plants, she was to set. I was the executor of her testament, for I took them from her benumbed hand and put them into the ground freshly dug up. I watered them from the last pitcher she had fetched from St. Magdalen's well, good sister Monica! How finely these carnations grew! they were large and of a dark-red hue. — When in later times *he, who loves and knows me**), likened me

*) Song of Mignon in Wilhelm Meister: "Ach der mich liebt und kennt ist in der Weite."

to a dark carnation, I thought of the flowers which as a young child I had taken from the chilled hand of hoary age to plant them; and I thought whether it would chance, that in setting flowers, I too might be shatched away by death. Death, life's triumphant hero, the redeemer from earthly heaviness!

But that other nun, young and beautiful, whose long golden tresses I brought to the altar on the golden offering-plate! — I did not weep, when they carried the old gardener to her grave, although she had been my friend, and had taught me many arts of gardening. It appeared so natural and so pleasing to me, that I was not even amazed: but then, when in a surplice with a wreath of roses on my head, as a guardian-angel with a lighted taper I preceded the youthful bride of Christ, dressed in the wanton gorgeousness of pride, and all the bells tolled; when we came to the grate, before which the bishop stood, who was to take her vows, and he asked, if she wished to be betrothed to Christ, when at her affirmation they cut off her hair entwined

with pearls and ribbands, and I received them on a golden plate, — then my tears fell on that hair, and when I stepped to the altar, to deliver them to the bishop, I sobbed aloud, and all wept with me.

The young bride laid herself down on the ground, a pall was spread over her; the nuns came by from every side, two and two carrying baskets with flowers. I strewed the flowers over the pall, while a Requiem was sung. She was consecrated as if she were dead and prayers were spoken over her: The terrestrial life had an end, as angel of resurrection I lifted the pall; the heavenly life begins. The nuns surround her, in their midst she is divested of the wordly pomp; the habit of the order, gown and veil are put on her; after which she deposits into the bishop's hand the vows of obedience, chastity and poverty. How anxious was I, when the bishop presented her the crucifix to kiss it as her betrothed! I did not leave her side; in the evening, when the nun was sitting lonely in her cell, I still knelt before her, the withered rose-wreath on my head.

She was a French woman, a Countess d'Antelot. "*Mon enfant,*" she said, "*mon cher ange, gardien, pourquoi as tu pleuré ce matin lorsqu'on m'a coupé les cheveux?*" I remained silent for a while, then I asked her in a low voice: "*Madame, est-ce que Jésus-Christ a aussi une barbe noire?*"

This beautiful lady had come to our convent with many other high ladies and noble-men with star and ribband, who had been driven from France. They all pursued their way, but she remained behind. She used to walk much in the garden, and had a glittering ring on her finger, which she kissed when she was by herself in the dark alley. Then she was reading her letters in a low voice, and with a fine white handkerchief she wiped her moisted eyes. I watched her, I loved her and wept secretly with her. Once a beautiful man in a glittering uniform entered the garden with her. They conversed tenderly with each other; the man had a black beard and was taller than she, he held her folded in his arms and looked down upon her, his bright tears remained hanging in his black beard. This I saw, for I was

sitting in the dark arbour, at the entrance of which they were standing. He sighed deeply and loudly, he pressed her to his heart, and she kissed off from his black beard the brilliant tears.

Many times more the beautiful lady walked in these lonely alleys, many times more I saw her, weeping under the tree, where he had parted from her, and finally she took the veil.

* * *

Coblenz.

All these days during I have not written in this book; ah, how I desired for it! In walking through foreign streets I thought on thee; here the game and sporting place of thy youth-time; there beyond the Ehrenbreitstein; it is called like the base of thy glory; so must the die be called on which thy monument once shall stand.

Yesterday strange thoughts fell down to me from the clouds, I had fain written them in the book, I was not alone; I must let them go off with the undulating waves down the river.

* * *

All that does not agree with love's doing is sin, and all that is sin agrees not with love's doing; love has an own legitimate power, which it performs over us; I yield to its rebuke, and this alone is the voice of my conscience.

Whatever excitements may engage life, what turns destiny may take, love is the path of modulation, on which all strains are harmonically to chime; it bestows the comprehension, the measure of a high ethical magnitude. It is severe and this severity passionately excites one for love; I have an ardent desire to do what it prompts. I fain would suit each feeling, each motion to it.

Now I go to sleep; could I but describe how glad I am!

* * *

Were it to-day that I should welcome thee! to-day! — in a few minutes thou enteredst here my four walls, in which throughout this whole summer I exert magic charms to become possessed of thee; nay! and often a moment thou wast mine, my love had got thee over to me. I looked into the distance; within my heart I looked after thee, and there discovered thee. To enjoy anything, to be possessed of it, requires great strength; to be possessed of anything, even a few minutes, produces wonder; what thou art possessed of in the spirit, that thou art aware of, of what thou becomest aware, that captivates thee; what is captivating thee, that gives thee up to a new world.

* * *

Spirit will be self-ruler; to be possessed of its own self is its true strength; every truth, every revelation is a touch of our own spirit, doest thou penetrate it, does thy soul melt in thine own spirit, then thou art empowered to all what thou art able of, and all revelation and thy life is thy uninterrupted knowing, and thy knowing is thy being, thy producing. All knowing is love, therefore it is so blissful to love, because in love lies the possession of oneself's own divine nature.

Hast thou loved, then it was a trace of divine nature, thou didst revoke the limits of thy existence, to expand it within the possession of thy love. This expansion is the circulating of thy spiritual nature; what thou art in love with, that is the realm into which thou art born, that thou mayest be able to live within it. Ah, it is so large, this endless realm of love, and yet the human heart encloses it.

* * *

Let us then leave the convent in which there was no looking glass in which therefore during four years I should have in vain sought for the acquaintance with my own features, with my shape; and yet in this whole space of time it never came into my mind, to think how I looked, it was a great surprise for me, when in my thirteenth year with two of my sisters, embraced by my grand-mother, I for the first time beheld the whole group in the looking-glass. I knew them all, but not this one, with ardent look, glowing cheeks, with black fine curled hair; I do not know her, but my heart throbs to meet her; such a face I have loved already in my dreams, in this look is something that moves me to tears, this creature I must follow, I must repose in her faith and trust; when she weeps, then silently I will mourn, when she is in joy, then I calmly will serve her; I beckon her — behold! — she rises and comes to meet me, we

smile at one another, and I can no longer doubt that I see myself within the looking-glass.

Ah yes! this presage has become true to me, I had no other friend than myself. It was not about me, but with me that I often shed tears; I have also jested with myself, and that was still more touching, that no one took part in the joke; should one then have said to me that each sought in love only himself, and that the highest delight is to become aware of oneself in it: I should never have comprehended it, and yet does this little event hide a sublime truth, and certainly few may conceive it; do search for thyself, be true to thyself, learn to understand thyself, do follow thine own advice, by this only, canst thou attain the highest. It is but to thyself, that thou mayst be true in love; when beauty entices thee, thou must love it or thou werest faithless to thine own self.

Beauty awakes inspiration, but inspiration for beauty is the highest beauty itself. It explains through itself the sublime and hallowed ideal of the beloved.

Certainly! love brings forth a sublimer world from the sensual world; the spirit will be nourished, indulged and supported by the senses; it grows and ascends by them to self-inspiration, to genius; for genius is the celestial joyous life of a celestial inspiration, produced through sensual nature.

Thou appearest to me like this celestial producing of my world of senses, when I stand before thee, and expound my love to thee; and yet when I stand before thee, I feel how thy sensual apparition hallows me and becomes a celestial nature within me.

* * *

Now I am thirteen years of age, now the time comes on which awakens from sleep; the young germs are thriving and issue from their brown hull, they come forth to light; the child, loving inclines to the germing generations of the flowers; its heart glows bashfully and intimately for their

variegated and fragrant charms, and does not forebode that at the same time a germing-world of thousandfold generations of senses and of spirit comes forth from the breast to life, to light. — Beholdst thou here confirmed what I say? love to the germing blossom-world of sensuous nature, excites the slumbering germs of the spiritual blossom-world. While we descry sensual beauty, it creates within us its spiritual image, a celestial incorporation of what we love within the senses. — Thus was my first love in the garden: in the honeysuckle-arbour I was every morning with the sun to meet their reddish buds opening to light; and when I looked into the disclosed cups, then I loved and adored this world of senses in the blossoms, and I mingled my tears with the honey in their chalice. Yes, do believe it, there was a particular charm for me to bestow on the flower's bed the tear, which involuntarily started into mine eye; thus did delight change with woefulness. The young fig-leaves, when they at first ascend so tight-folded out of their cover, to open before the sun: Alas, God! thou! why

does beauteousness of nature give pain? is it not because love feels herself unapt to comprehend her at all? so the most joyful love is imbued by woe, as it can not satisfy its own longing; so thy beauty makes me woeful, because I cannot love thee enough! — Oh, forsake me not; be disposed to me, only as far as the dew is to the flowers; in the morning it awakens them and nurses them, and in the evening it clears them from the dust and cools them from the heat of the day. So do thou also, awake and nurse my inspiration in the morning, and cool my glowing and clear me from sins in the evening.

* * *

Dost thou love me? — Alas! an inclining of thy face on me as from the waving boughs of the birch, — how charming this would be! — or also that thou shouldst breathe on me in slumber, as the night-breeze flits over the meadows; more, my friend, do I not ask from thee. When

the breath from the Beloved touches thee, what delight canst thou compare with? —

So clear and distinctly did I not feel there, as I feel to-day in remembrance; I was then as unblown as the young germing corn, but I was nursed by the light and led on to self-consciousness like the corn when it becomes conscious of itself by the ripening ear; and to-day I am ripe and scatter the golden grains of love to thy feet; more my life does not prove.

* * *

The nightingale had an other mind to me than thou, he came down from branch to branch, drew nearer and nearer to the utmost twig, to behold me; I turned gently to him, not to frighten him away, and lo there! — eye in nightingale's eye! — we looked at each other and we remained so. Therewith the breezes bore the tones of a distant music over to us, whose all-embracing harmony resounded like a spirit-uni-

verse, completed in itself, where each spirit penetrates all spirits, and all comply to each! completely beauteous was this event! this first nearing of two equally, innocent creatures, who had not yet become aware, that by love's-thirst, love's delight, the heart pants faster and faster. Certainly I was rejoiced and touched by this approach of the nightingale, as I think thou perhaps wouldst be friendly moved by the love of mine; but what has induced the nightingale to come after me, why did he come down from the lofty tree and sit so nigh, that I might catch him with my hand, why did he look at me and indeed into mine eye? — The eye speaks with us, it answers to the look, the nightingale had a mind to speak with me, he had a feeling, a thought to exchange with me. (Feeling is the germ of the thought) and if it is so, what a deep and powerful glance nature allows us here into her working-place, how does she prepare her enhancings, how deep does she lay her germs! — how far is it from the nightingale to the consciousness between two lovers, who find their

ardency so clearly enhanced in the song of the nightingale, that they should easily believe, his melodies were the very expression of their feelings.

On the next day he came again, the little nightingale, I too; I thought he would come, I had taken the guitar along with me, I wanted to play a little on it to him, it was by the wall of the poplar-trees, near the wild-rose-hedge, which stretched forth its tall bowing branches over the wall of the neighbour's garden, and with its blossoms reached nearly the ground; there he sat and stretched his little throat and looked at me, how I played with the sand. Nightingales are inquisitive, they say; with us it is a proverb: thou art as inquisitive as a nightingale; but for what sake is he inquisitive after man, who seemingly has no reference to him? what shall once come forth out of this curiosity? — Oh, nought is in vain, all is used by nature to her restless working; it will and must go farther in her redemption. I ascended a high poplar, whose boughs from below were formed to easy steps round about the trunk to the top; there aloft in the limber

top I fastened myself to the branches with the string on which I had drawn up the guitar, the air was sultry, now the breezes moved stronger and swept a drift of clouds together over us. The rose-hedges were lifted by the wind and again bent down, but the bird sat steady; the more roaring the storm, the more warbling was his song, its little throat exultingly poured forth his whole soul into the roused nature, the streaming rain did not impede him, the rushing trees, the thunder-rolling did not stun and frighten him, and I also upon my limber poplar waved in the storm down upon the rose-hedge while it was lifted, and I swept over the chords to temper with the measure the revel of the little singer. How still it was after the thunderstorm! what a hallowed rest followed this inspiration in the hurricane! with this repose the gloom displayed over the vast fields, my little singer was silent, he had become weary. Alas! when genius lightens up in us and stirs up all our strength, that it may serve him, when man does nothing but serve the mighty, the higher one; and rest

follows such an exertion, how mild is it then, how are then all claims to be something, melted in devotion to the genius! — Thus is nature when she reposes from day-work: she sleeps, and in sleep God bestows upon his *own*. Such is the man who is subdued to the genius of art, in whose veins streams the electric fire of poetry, who is enlightened by the gift of prophecy, or who like Beethoven uses a tongue which, not on earth but in the ether, is mother-tongue. When such as these repose from inspirited exertion, then it is as calm, as cool, as it was to-day after the tempest in the whole nature, and still more in the breast of the little nightingale, for he slept perchance to-day more deeply than all other birds, and the more powerfully, and the more intimately the genius who bestows to his own when in slumber, will have repaid him; but I, after having breathed in, the evening-stillness, came down from my tree, and penetrated by the sublimity of the just now passed events, had a mind to look askaunt on mankind.

* * *

All changes! elder men think otherwise than in youth; alas! — what shall I think once if this earthly life preserves me, till I advance in years! perhaps I shall then go to church, instead of going to my friend, perhaps I shall then pray instead of loving! — Ah! how shall I then liken prayer to love? — I know not how to express kissing; did I ever feel devotion, it was on thy breast, friend! — Temple-fragrance which thy lips respire! Spirit of God, which thine eyes preach! from thee streams forth an inspiriting power, thy garments, thy countenance, thy spirit, streams forth, a hallowing breath. Oh thou! — in pressing thy knees close to my breast, no more do I ask what bliss may be that which is prepared for the blessed in heaven. To see God face to face? — how often with closed eyes have I rejoiced in thy presence. Perhaps God through the Beloved penetrates into our heart, — yes, Beloved! — what have we in our heart but only God? —

And if there we did not feel him, how and where should we seek his trace? —

* * *

What do I trifle about the spring! — what do I talk of merry days, of delight and fortune! — thou, — the consciousness of thee, consumes each emotion in me; I cannot smile at jesting, I cannot rejoice, I cannot hope with others. — That I know thee, that I am conscious of thee, makes my senses so still.

* * *

Oh, to-day is a wondrous day — to-day I have woe, so heavy is my soul! thou art nigh, I know it, not far is the way to thee, but *me* parts the small space like infinity. It is the moment of longing which wills to be felt and satisfied, and if the Beloved does not forefeel this same, if he

slights love, then! — what can bring me near him? — alas, woeful day which has passed away to-day in expecting and longing.

Whom shall I confide in? — who feels humanly with me? — to whom shall I complain of thee? — who is my friend? — who dares, — to ascend on those steps, on which I have raised myself above all human touch? — who dares lay his hand on my brow and dares say: peace be with thee? —

To thee, whom I seek, I complain, to thee I cry over the depths: "only think! with the oar's ardent stroke I overwing time and life; I drive them behind me, the moments of parting, and now, ye isles of the blessed!*) my anchor finds no bottom! Wild strand! — inhospitable shore! — ye will not let me land, and not approach the bosom of the friend, who knows the mysteries, and the divine origin and the goal of my life. He — that I may learn to behold him, has within my spirit awakened the unspotted splendour of light; he — attending in ardent lays the de-

*) where parted friends shall meet again.

lights, the pangs of love, has taught me, between both them advancing, before the sisters of fate with the flaming torch of Eros, to irradiate the way.

* * *

To-day is another day, the evil fear is appeased, it rages not, it roars no more in the heart, the moaning no more interrupts the splendour-filled stillness. Ah, to-day the sun is not down, his last beams display beneath thy steps; he walks, the sun! — he stands not still, he ushers thee in to me, where twilight beckons thee, and of violets the purple wreath. Oh dearest! — then I stand silent before thee, and the flowers' fragrance will speak to thee for me.

* * *

I am joyous as is the dolphin, when on the wide-reposing ocean-plain it hears flutes afar; waggishly he drives the waters into the splendent stillness of the sky, to spread a rushing pearl-shower over the smooth glassy main; each pearl mirrors the universe and flows away, so each thought mirrors the eternal wisdom and flows away.

Thy hand leaned on my cheek, and thy lip reposed on my brow,—it was so still!—thy breath exhaled like the breath of spirits. Time ever speeds with the happy, but for this once, time hurried not; — an eternity which never ends is this time, which was so brief, so within itself, that no measure can be adapted to it.

On mild spring-days, when the thin-cloudy sky bestows a fruit-bearing rain upon the young seed, then it is, as now within my breast; I guess, as the hardly rooted germ guesses its blossom, that love is everlastingly a sole futurity.

To be good satisfies the soul, as the lullaby

quiets the infant-soul to sleep. To be good is the inviolable rest which the seed of the spirit must have, before it is matured, again to be sown; yet the spirit divines, that to be good is the preparation for a deep inscrutable mystery. This hast thou Goethe, to me confided, last night by the starry sky at the open window, when one breeze after the other fluttered in, and then out again. — Thus if the soul be good: that is a reposing, a falling asleep in the lap of God, as the seed sleeps in the lap of nature ere it germs. But if the spirit asks for what is good, then it asks for divinity itself, then it asks for that mystery of goodness as for its food and nursing, and as a preparing for its nigh transformation, then it knocks, as the hidden stream does in the lap of the rock for issue to light. Such a daring mood had thy spirit, that to his urging, bolts and bars gave way; and that it might foam up over all times, — onward where spirit inheres in spirit, as wave springs from wave, and wave is lost in wave.

Such was our talk last night, and thou saidst:

"none should believe that we two thus talk with one another."

We spoke also of beauty: beauty is, when the body is wholly pervaded with the spirit it harbours. When the light of the spirit streams forth from the body which it pervades and involves, that is beauteousness. Thy glance is beauteous, because it sends forth the light of thy spirit and in this light floats.

The pure spirit frames for itself a pure body in the word: this is the beauteousness of poetry. Thy word is beauteous, because the spirit which it harbours, forces its way through and streams around it.

Beauty fades not! the sense which comprehends it, is everlastingly possessed of it, and to this sense it fades not.

Not the image which beauty reflects, not the shape which expresses its spirit, has beauty: *he* only has it, who in this mirror guesses his own spirit.

Beauty frames itself in him, who longs for it, who recognizes it and longs to reproduce it: to frame himself like it.

Each genuine man is artist, he seeks after

beauteousness, again to bestow it. Each genuine man wants beauty as the only nourishment of spirit.

Art is the mirror of the inly soul, *her* image it is as she proceeded from God, which art reflects to thee. All beauteousness is a confession of thine own beauty.

It is art which charms the sensual image of the spirit before thy bodily eyes.

Each impulse of life is an impulse of beauty; behold the plant, its impulses are filled with the longing for blossom, and the satisfying of this longing already was prepared in the grain; thus then is beauty the most secure pledge, that he who strives after everlasting beauty, will have it and enjoy it.

All that I here say, thou wrotest in my heart; why I do not yet with full freedom express it? — because I am not able, quite to comprehend it.

Last night thine eye roamed to the distant mountains, and then thou saidst: "the passion which springs from the heart shall also wax and thrive, for there is no desire where the divine is not present to make it blessed.

* * *

They have ushered me into their temple, the genii, and here I stand abashed, but not a stranger; their lore is intelligible to me, their law gives me wisdom, the search of love is not the search of transient men. All flowers that are broken, become immortal in the sacrifice, — a loving heart soars above a hostile lot.

* * *

I shall relate thee of the time when I had not yet learned to say thy name? — certainly thou art in the right, to ask what predisposed and led me to thee; I told thee that flowers and herbs first beheld me, how their looks betrayed a question, a claim to which I could but answer with tender tears; then the nightingale allured me, and his intimate bearing, his song, his advanc-

ing and shrinking charmed me still more than the life of the flowers; I was nearer to him in mind, his intercourse had something charming; on my little couch I could hear his song; his melodious groaning waked me, I sighed with him, I supplied thoughts to his song, to which I invented consoling replies. I remember, that once under the blooming trees, when I played with a ball, a young man who caught it, brought it to me and said: "thou art handsome!" This word brought fire into my heart, it flamed up like my cheeks, but I thought of the nightingale, whose carol perchance beautified me nightly, and in this moment the sacred truth burst in upon my spirit, that all which lifts above what is earthly, produces beauteousness, and I wooed the nightingale with more zeal, my heart throbbingly suffered to be touched by his tones, as by a divine finger — I longed to be beauteous, and beauty was to me divine, and I subdued to the feeling of beauteousness and did not consider, whether it was outward or inly. — In every time, even till to-day I have felt a near affinity with beauty, wherever

it showed itself to me, in pictures and statues, in scenery, or in slender trees. Although I am not slender, yet something moves within my spirit which answers to their slenderness, and though thou smilest, I tell thee, while with my gaze I follow their heaven-aspiring tops, my suggestion seems to me also to aspire to heaven, and as in the wind's blustering the supple branches wave to and fro, so waves within me a feeling as if it were the foliaged branchery of a lofty stem of thoughts. And so I would but say that all beauty educates, and that the mind, which like a true mirror comprises beauty, by this attains a higher impulse, which spiritually is this same beauty — I mean always its divine revelation. — So then behold thou, how much thou must enlighten me, since thou art beauteous. — Beauty is redemption, beauty is deliverance from incantation, is freedom! heavenly! — has wings, and cuts through the ether. Beauty is out of law; before her vanishes each limit, she dissolves in all that be sensible of her charms, she frees from the letter, for she is spirit. — I am sensible of thee, thou

freest me from the letter and the law. Lo! this dread which overwaves me, it is the charm of thy beauteousness, which dissolves within my senses, that I myself become beauteous, and by this dignified of deserving thee.

* * *

The summer passes by and the nightingale is silent, he is silent, he is mute and will no more be seen. I lived there without disturbance through the days; his nigh was to me a dear haunt, it pains me to miss him, had I but something to supply him! perhaps another animal — of men I did not think, in the neighbour's garden is a roe within a railing, it runs to and fro along the garden-fence and groans, I make an opening, through which I may stroke its head. Winter has covered all with snow, I seek moss on the trees for it: we know each other, how beautiful are its eyes; how deep a soul gazes on me out of them, how true, how warm! — it likes to lay its head

in my hand and looks at me, I love it too, I come as often as it calls me; in the cold bright moonlit nights I hear its voice, I jump out of bed, with bare feet I run to the snow to soothe thee. Then thou art quiet when thou hast seen me; wondrous animal, which looks at me, cries to me, as if it begged for deliverance. What firm reliance has it upon me, who am not of its like! poor animal, thou and I are parted from our like, we are both lonely, and we share this feeling of lonesomeness. Oh! how often for thee have I thought into the wood, where thou couldst run out at full length, and not ever in a round as here in thy prison; yonder thou couldst run thy way still on, and with each bound thou couldst hope to meet at last with a comrade, but here thy goal has no end, and yet all hope was cut off. Poor doe! how do I shudder at thy lot, and how nearly related may it be to mine. I too run in a round; there above I see the stars glimmer, they all hold fast, none sinks down; — and from here it is so far to them, and what wants to be loved shall come near to me. But thus it was sung to me

in the cradle, that I must love a star, and this star would keep far aloof from me; a long time have I strived after it, and my senses were consumed in this striving, so that I saw nothing, heard nothing and thought of nothing, except my star only, which would not loosen itself from the firmament, to incline down to me. — I dream the star sinks deeper and deeper, I already distinguish its face, its radiating becomes eye, it gazes at me and mine eyes are mirrored in it. Its splendour broadens around me, from all upon earth, far as I can think, far as my senses bear me, I am parted by my star.

* * *

Nothing have I to lose, nothing have I to gain, between me and each gain art *thou* floating, who divinely radiating in the spirit, outweighest all happiness; between me and each loss art *thou*, who humanly inclinest down to me.

I understand but this *one*, to dream away time

on thy bosom. — I understand not of thy wings the motion, which bear thee into the ether, there above me, in the eternal azure maintain thee floating.

* * *

Me and the world mantles thy splendour, thy light is dream-light of a higher world, we breathe its atmosphere, we awake in the fragrance of remembrance; yes, it yields fragrance to us, it lifts us and bears our wavering fate upon the mirror-floods, forth to the all-embracing arms of the Gods.

But thou hast sung to me in the cradle, that to thy song, which in dreaming lulls me over the destiny of my days, I should dreamingly listen even to the end of my days.

* * *

Once already, in the convent, the spirits had induced me to join with them; in the moon-clear nights they allured me; I wandered through strange dark walks, where I heard the waters rushing, I anxiously followed them, even to the fountain I came; the moon shone in its moved waters, mantling the spirits, who upon its wavy mirror showed themselves to me in silver-splendour; — they came, they intimated to my asking heart, and vanished, others came, they laid mysteries upon my tongue, touched all the germs of life within my breast, they stamped me with their seal, they veiled my will, my fancy and the power which they conferred upon me.

How was this? — how did they advise me? — in what language did they reveal to me their mysteries, and how shall I make known to thee that it was so, and what they taught me? —

The moony night wrapped me in sweet deep infant-sleep, then it broke forth from out itself

and touched mine eyes, that they awoke to its light, then it sunk with magnetic power into my breast, that I overcame all fear; on ways which were not safe, I hastened forth into the deep stirless night, till I came to the fountain between flower-beds, where each flower, each weed in delusive dimness was imprinted with a dreamy face, where they caressed and struggled with phantastic illusions. Yonder I stood and saw how the breeze-moved water-beams waved to and fro, and how the moon-beams chequered through the moved water, and like the lightning with quivering haste traced silver-hieroglyphics into the waving circles; there I knelt on the moist sand and bent over the giddy light-web, and listened with all my senses, and my heart stood still and fancied, as if those vanishing glances wrote something to me, and my heart was glad as if I had understood them, that their meaning hinted me to happiness; I returned through the long dim labyrinthine walks, past images of strange saints in calm repose, untill I reached my little bed, which was confined in the window-corner; then I gently opened the

window to the moon-light and let it glance on my breast; — yes, in such blessed, bliss-bringing moments inarmed me a spirit-delighted feeling, wide, all-comprising! from without it inarmed my heart, my heart felt itself inarmed by a loving power, joining it in the slumber which from out this power came over me. How shall I name this power? — life-spirit? — I know it not, I know not what had happened with me, but to me it was an event, an occurrence of high moment; I was in my heart like the germ, which from out its first cover breaks forth to light; I sucked light in, with the spirit, and with it I saw what before with my bodily eyes I should not have seen, all that nature playfully offered me, reminded of hidden senses within me; the hues, the shapes of the world of plants I saw with a deep enjoying and consuming look, through which nourishment reached my mind.

Ah, we will keep silence over these mysteries, we will draw a soft misty gauze, through which its contents forebodingly glimmer, yes, we will keep silence, friend! for also we cannot unveil

it in words. But the earthly man sows and plants into the bosom of the earth (which before was not fertilized) that its nourishing strength might penetrate the fruit of its produces. Were it conscious of its sensual feelings, then these feelings would become spirit within it; so I compare the spirit of man with it, an island involved in celestial spirit-ether. which becomes moulded and arable, and a divine seed will be confided to its sensual strength and those forces move themselves, they sprout into a higher life, that belongs to the light, which is spirit, and the fruit born by this divine seed is knowledge, which we taste, to make thrive our forces growing to bliss.

How shall I explain, that this soft breathing and playing of the breeze, of the water and moonlight, were to me a real contact with the world of spirits? When God thought the creation, then the only thought: "*let it be*" became a tree which bears all worlds and ripens them. So this breath, this lisping of nature in nightly stillness is a soft spirit-breath, which awakens the spirit and sows it with everlasting thoughts.

I beheld an inmost doing within me, a loftier one, to which I felt myself subdued, to which I ought to sacrifice all; and where I did not do it, there I felt myself thrown out of the path of knowledge, and still to-day I must agree with this power; it bids one give up every selfish enjoyment, it tears from all claims on common life, and lifts us above them. Strange it is, that what we ask for ourselves, is also usually that which deprives us of our freedom; we long to be bound with bonds, which seem sweet to us, and will be a prop, an insurance to our weakness; we want to be borne, to be lifted by renown, by glory, and do not forebode that to this claim we sacrifice what is the dignity of glory, and the nourishment of the sublime; we require love where we have incitement to love, and do not perceive that thereby we drive out our loving genius. What becomes of freedom, when the soul wants to be satisfied in its desire by the mediation of others!

What are these claims on that which is without us but the proof of a want within us, and what effects its satisfying but the increase of this inner

weakness, and the bondage of our freedom in it. The genius will that the soul rather be in need, than dependant upon satisfying an incitement, an inclination, or also a want.

We all shall be kings, the more obstinate and imperious the slave is within us, the more glorious the dignity of the ruler's sway will prove, the more bold and powerful the spirit who subdues.

The genius who himself moves his pinions, soars into the blue ether and sends down light-streams, who has power to produce blissfulness by his own strength: how beauteous when he stoops to thee, and will love thee; he who complains not for love, asks not for it, but bestows it. — Yes, beauteous and glorious to yield up one to the other, in the light-spheres of spirit, in all the glory of freedom by their own mighty will.

The earth lies in the ether as in the egg, the terrestrial lies in the celestial as in the womb, love is the womb of the spirit.

There is no wisdom, no perception of truth, which asks for more than to be loved.

Every truth wooes the benevolence of the mind.

Justice to all attests love to the one.

The more universal, the more individual.

It is but the spirit which can make free from sins.

Wilt thou be alone with the Beloved, then be alone with thyself.

Wilt thou gain the Beloved, then search to gain, to find thyself in him.

Thou gainest — thou possessest thyself where thou lovest; where thou dost not love, there thou art deprived of thyself.

Art thou alone with thyself, then thou art with the genius.

Thou lovest in the Beloved but thy own genius.

To love God is to enjoy God; if thou worshippest the divine, then thou givest a banquet to thy genius.

Be always with thy genius, then thou art on the direct way to heaven.

To acquire an art is to give the genius a sensual body.

To have acquired an art, imports no more to the spirit, than to the father of an important

child: the soul was already there, and the spirit has born it into the visible world.

When thou hast a thought which inspires thee, then thou feelst well, it is thy loving genius which caresses thee. He endeavours to excite thee passionately for him.

And all truth is inspiration, and all inspiration is a caressing, is fervour of thy genius to thee, it will move thee to pass over into him.

Dost thou love, then thy genius adopts sensual features.

God has become man in the Beloved; whatever form thou lovest, it is the ideal of thy own higher nature, which thou feelst in the beloved.

The genuine love is incapable of faithlessness in every transformation, it searches for the Beloved, for the genius, as for Proteus.

Spirit is for art the divine stuff, in sensual nature it lies as an untouched matter. Heavenly life is, when God makes use of this stuff, to produce his own spirit in it.

Therefore the whole heavenly life is but spirit, and every error is a detriment to the heavenly

Therefore is every truth a bud which by celestial elements will bloom and bear fruits. Therefore like the earth takes into itself the seed, we shall take into ourselves the truth, as the means by which our sensual power blossoms into a higher element.

In thinking, be always loving to thy genius; then thou wilt never miss the plentifulness of spirit.

Genuine love is conscious of the spirit also in the sensual appearance of beauteousness. Beauty is spirit, having a sensual body.

All spirit proceeds from self-subduing.

Self-subduing is, when thy genius gains that power over thy spirit, which the loving yields to the beloved.

Many a one will subdue himself; but on this wrecks every wit, every art, every perseverance; he must *let himself be subdued* by his genius, by his ideal nature.

Thou canst not produce spirit, thou canst but conceive it.

Thou art in contact with the beloved in all that thou feelest elevated above thee.

Thou art in the secret of love with him, in all that inspires thee.

Nothing shall separate thee from this divine self, all that forms a cleft between thee and thy genius is sin.

Nothing is sin, that does not disunite thee and thy genius, every jest, every pertness, every daring is hallowed by him, he is the divine freeness.

He who feels himself offended by this divine freeness, lives not with his genius, his wisdom is not inspiration, it is after-wisdom.

To avow the bad is a diverting from the inarming of the ideal love; the sin is not reflected in the eye of the beloved.

Thou suckest divine freedom from the look of love, the look of the genius beams forth divine freedom. —

There is a wild nature-life which rambles through all precipices, does not know the divine genius, but does not deny him, there is a tame cultivated virtue-life that debars him.

He who practises virtue by his own wisdom, is a slave to his own short-sighted improvement;

— he who confides in genius, breathes divine freedom, his faculties are diffused in all regions, and he will find himself every where in the divine element.

Often in the night, I had sweet intercourse with the genius, instead of sleeping, and I was weary, and he awakened me again to intimate chatting and would not let me sleep.

Thus did the demon speak with me this night, when I tried to explain thee in what strange impartings I was engaged in my childhood; there were thoughts shaped within me, I did not perpend them, I believed in them, they may have been of another mood, but they had this peculiarity as they have still, that I felt them not as self-thought, but as imparted.

* * *

Thou art good, thou wilt not that I break off this sweet chatting with thee, what here I tell thee is at least as delightful, as intelligible as the twinkling of the stars; and if it were even but a melody, which breathes forth through my spirit! — it is most sweet this melody and will teach thee to dream.

Oh, learn by my chatting, beauteous dreams, which shall bewing thee and sail with thee through the cool ether.

How glorious thou walkest over those dream-carpets! how thou pervadest these manifold veils of fancy, and becomest more clear and more plain to thyself, who deservest to be loved — there thou meetest with me and thou wonderest at me, and art pleased to grant me, that I may first find thee.

Do sleep, sink thy eye-lashes into each other, let thyself be entwined gently as with gossamers on the meadow — be entwined with magic threads

which charm thee into dream-lands, do sleep! *and from the lulling pillow, dreaming, half listen to me.*

* * *

On Christmas-morning, — it was three years before I had seen thee, — we went early to church; it was still night, a lantern lighted before, to show the foot-path across the snow, which led past a devastated, decayed convent-church, the wind whistled through the broken windows and clapped with the loose slates; "in this rubbish haunt the ghosts," said the bearer of the lantern, "there it is not safe!" — In the evening, in my grand-mother's room, where an equally devastated and decayed company was playing at cards, I recalled this observation; I thought how dreadful it was to be alone there, and that for all in the world I should not like to be there now. I had scarcely considered this, when a demand was within me, if I would not venture it? —

I shook off the thought, it came again; I became still more fearful, still more I defended myself against this impracticable fancy, still more urgently I felt myself summoned to do it; I wanted to escape it, and sat down in another corner of the well-lighted room, but there I was just opposite the door opening into a dark space — and now there played and glittered beckonings in the gloom, they weaved and wafted near to me. I wrapped myself up in the window-curtain before those seeming-beings, I shut my eyes and dreamed into myself, there was a friendly persuading within me, that I should go to the convent-walls where the spirits walk. It was eight o'clock in the evening, I reflected how I could risk in this hour to go a lone far way, which I knew scarcely, and which I should not have gone alone even by day. — It drew me still deeper into an intimate secluded circle; I heard the voices of the playing company as in a far distance, like a strange world which moved far beyond my sphere.

I opened my eyes and saw the curious insol-

vable riddle-faces of those who played, sitting there, lighted by the bright candle-shine; I heard the exclaiming of the l'hombre-set like exorcisings and magic spells; those people with their singular doing were fantom-like; their dress, their gesture incomprehensible, shudder-exciting; their rustling was come too near towards me, I slowly crept out. On the court-stairs I again breathed freely; there lay the pure snow-carpet at my feet and covered, softly swelling, all uneveness, there the hoary trees spread their silver-branches beneath the wandering moon-light; this coldness was so warm, so affable; here nothing was incomprehensible, nothing to fear; it was as if I had escaped the evil spirits; here out of doors the good ones spoke the more intelligibly to me, I delayed not a moment longer to follow their bidding. Whatever may happen: softly and nimbly I climb over the door, yon side I throw my dress over my head, to veil myself, and in slight bounds I leap over the snow. Many strange things lie in my way that I avoid, with increasing anxiety and panting heart I arrive; shy and fearful I look about, but

I delay not to step on the waste spot; I make a way through the shattered oversnowed stones till the church-wall, on which I lean my head. I listen, I hear the clapping of the slates on the roof, and how the wind rattles in the loose rafters; I think: "should that be the spirits?" — they sink down, I try to overcome my anxiety — they soar in low height over me — the fear lessened, it was as if I offered the open breast to the breath of the friend, whom shortly before I had taken for my enemy.

As I stood for the first time before thee, it was in the winter 1807, I grew pale and trembled, but on thy breast, entwined in thine arms, I came to such a delightful quietness, that my eye-lids sunk down and I fell in sleep.

So it is when we drink nectar, the senses are not used to it. Then sleep alleviates the storm of inspiration, and provides for the broken powers; could we comprehend what in one moment is offered to us, could we bear its glorifying sight, then we should be clear-sighted; could the power of bliss extend itself in us, we should

be all-powerful; therefore I beg thee, if it is true that thou lovest me, bury me within thy thinking, veil my heart and spirit with sleep, because they are too weak to bear happiness. Yes, happiness! he who would agree with it as with a spirit, to which he felt himself a match, he might transfigurate his earthly nature into divine.

Yesterday a letter came from thee, I beheld the blue cover lying on the table and recognised it from afar; I hid it in my bosom and hastened into my solitary room to my writing-table, on the first perusal, I was about to write thee in the fulness of my ecstasy. There I sat and folded my hands over the treasure, and did not like to take it away from the warm heart. Thou knowest: thus I also never have torn myself out of thine arms; thou always wast the first and lettest thine arms sink down and saidst: "now be gone!" — and I followed the command of thy lips. Had I followed those of thine eyes, I should have remained with thee, for they said: "come here!"

I then fell asleep in watching my treasure in the bosom, and as I awoke, I read those two

lines, written by thy hand: *"I was once as foolish as thou, and then I was better than now."*

Oh thou!—of thee the public voice says, thou art favoured by fortune; they extol thy glory and say, that in the brooding of thy radiant spirit, thy century is hatched into an etherial race, which, wafted by thee, overwings the heights of thy age, but yet they say, thy good fortune exceeds still thy spirit. Oh, forsooth, thou art the smith of thy fortune, who forges it with the bold strong stroke of a hero; whatever happens to thee, it must adapt itself to the mould, which thy happiness needs, the woe which would move others to complaint, to sadness: to *thee* becomes a spur to inspiration. By what others are dejected, that unfolds thy flight, which lifts thee above grievances, where thou drinkest the pure ether and where the feeling of misery does not harm thee. Thou takest thy destiny as thy food from the hands of the Gods, and drinkest the bitter chalice as well as the sweet one with the feeling of preeminence. Thou becomest not inebriated as I become inebriated on the way which

leads to thee, thou wouldst not, like me, be given up to despair when an abyss parted thee from thy happiness. And thus misfortune has no business to meddle with thee, thou knowest how to meddle with thy good fortune; in every little event, as all-blissful nature grants to the least flower a blossom-time, in which it sheds fragrance while the sun shines into its cup.

Thou givest to each stuff, each moment all, what of happiness is to be framed in it, and thus thou hast given to me, though at thy feet I am given up; and so I have also filled a moment of thy happiness. What do I want more? — for what more shall I ask, since in it lies a task till to the last breath.

* * *

I compare thee rightly with yonder friendly cold winter-night in which the spirits mastered me; in thee the sun does not shine to me, in thee a thousand stars sparkle to me, and all trifles

which day enlightens, untouched in its many-cornered adversities, melt together into sublime masses.

Thou art cold and friendly and clear and calm like the bright winter-night; thy attracting power lies in the ideal purity, with which thou harbourest and utterest the yielding love, thou art like the rime of yon winter-night, which clothes the trees and bushes and all their little sprigs and buds of future blossoms, with a tender silver-mat. Like yonder night, changing with moon and star-light, thou enlightenest thy apprehending and thy advising with a thousand lights, crossing each other, and coverest with a mild twilight and meltest in shadow. The roused feelings thou overpourest with ideal forms; every frame of mind becomes more individual and charming by thy loving intellection, and by thy soft quieting, violent passion becomes genius.

* * *

From those venturesome spirit-night-wanderings I came home with garments wet with melted snow; they believed I had been in the garden. When night I forgot all; on the next evening at the same time it came back to my mind, and the fear too I had suffered; I could not conceive, how I had ventured to walk alone on that desolate road in the night, and to stay on such a waste dreadful spot; I stood leaning at the court-gate; to-day it was not so mild and still as yesterday; the gales rose high and roared along; they sighed up at my feet and hastened on yonder side, the fluttering poplars in the garden bowed and flung off their snow-burden, the clouds drove away in a great hurry, what rooted fast wavered yonder, and what could ever be loosened, was swept away by the hastening breezes. — In a trice I too was yon side the door, and with fleet steps, breathless I reached the church; and now I was so glad to be there;

I leaned on the wall till my breath was calmed, it was as if my body and soul would be refined in this retreat, I felt the soothing caresses of my genius in my breast, I felt them as true impartings of my spirit. All is divine imparting what we learn, all knowing is to receive the divine; it only depends on the confiding innocent conception of our spirit, that we too feel the God within us. As I stood for the first time before thee, and thy look touched mine as with a magic wand, then thou transformedst my will into subduing, I did not think upon any other desire than to remain in that atmosphere of light, in which thy presence had received me, it was my element; I often have been driven out of it, and always by my own fault. The whole object of life is but the persevering within it, and sin is that, which drives us out of it.

* * *

Thus we reach bliss, when we know how to maintain ourselves on the road in which we anticipate it. Never had I a more steady conviction of it, than when I had faith in that love of thine. And what is it then, this bliss? — thou art far off: — when thou rememberest the beloved, thy soul melts in this remembrance, and thus lovingly touches the beloved, as the sun-beams warming touch the river, as the vernal breezes bear the fragrance and blossom-dust to the river, which mingles those beauteous gifts of spring with its waves. If all working in nature has a spirituous sense of itself, then the river also is as sensible of these fondling touchings as of the inmost reality of its being. — Why should I doubt of this? — why are we touched by the ecstacies of spring, but because it gives the rhythm by which the mind is enabled to soar up? — so then, when thou thinkest of me, thou givest the rhythm, by which my enthu-

siasm is enabled to soar up to the conception of its bliss.

Ah, I feel it! — soft shudders run through me, that thou shouldst think of me from afar, that the comforts, the delights of thy days should one moment be enhanced by my love. Lo! so beauteous is the web of my world of thoughts within me! — who would destroy it! — Music! — every tone in it is essential, is the germ of a modulation in which the soul entirely joins, and as different, as confined in themselves the melodious forms may be, in which this world of thoughts pours itself, yet it feels and inarms all harmony, as the Ocean inarms all the streamings.

* * *

So belongs then to our bird-singing, blossom-snowing spring, where the river dances between vernant herbs, and one heart lives within the other, that cold wind- and snow-crossed winter, where the icy gales set my breath in rime at my curls; when I knew as little what drove me out into the winter-storm, as where the wind came from and where it hastened to. Alas! — heart and stormwind hastened forth from these to future days, to meet with thee. — Therefore I was hurried so resistlessly out of the mute existence to meet with that beauteous moment, which should develope my life in all its aspirations, and should dissolve it into music.

* * *

Nothing can be more unlike winter than spring, which beneath the icy cover waits for future days; nothing can be more strange to the germ, inclosed in its seed and hidden in the earth, than light; though it be its sole impulse; the genius of life bursts forth from the germ to espousal with light. —

This joining with a spirit's-world, this intrusting in the secret voice, which led me such strange ways, and gave me but gentle hints; what was it else but involuntary following the spirit, who enticed me, as light entices life.

* * *

My desolate church stood on this side on the height of a wall, which deeply descending and inclosing a bleaching-green, on the other side was bound by the Main river. While I became giddy

at the height of the wall, and fearfully was about to give way, I had involuntarily swung myself on yonder side, I found, in the nightly gloom, little clefts in the wall, into which I squeezed my hands and feet, and jutting stones, upon which I helped myself down; without reflecting how I might ascend again, I reached the bottom; here was a tub which may have been used for bleaching in summer, and had been forgotten in autumn; I rolled it to the shore and sat down in it, and looked at the driving of the ice; it was a pleasing comfortable feeling for me, enframed like a picture to look into the face of winter-nature. It was as if I had satisfied a hidden claim. — In climbing up I found just such little gaps and stones beneath my feet as I wanted. Henceforth no weather, no chance could hinder me; I overcame all difficulties; without reflecting upon it, I came to my haunted wall, on which every evening I climbed down, and sitting in my tub I gazed at the driving of the icy flakes. One of them drove on shore, I strove no longer against the demoniacal inspirations, — relying on them

I leapt over to it, and let myself be carried down with the ice. Then I leapt upon the next flake, and so on till I sailed down in the midst of the stream. — It was a wondrous night! — why? — every moment in nature is wondrous, is prodigious, when it rules in its freeness over the spirit of mankind. I gave myself up to it, and so it became to me the highest event. — In the far horizon glimmered a sad red, a dim yellow, which tempered the darkness into twilight; light captivated in the inarmings of night! Thither I gazed, thither my icy kidnapper bore me, and the breeze which scarcely raised above the level of the stream, sported and lashed at my feet within the folds of my clothes; still to-day I feel the kinglike pride within my breast; still to-day I am lifted by the remembrance of those breezes flattering at my feet, still to-day I am ardently inspired with the ecstasy of that daring nightly course; not as if it were six years ago, but in this very same cold winter-night, in which I am sitting here to write all down, out of love to thee, and to the

remembrance of my love. A good way I had let myself drive; even so without will, as I had swum down the river, I strove back; I calmly paced from one ice-flake to the other, till I was safe on shore. At home in bed I deliberated, whither those ways would lead me; I guessed a way leading still farther, but not back, and I was curious for the adventures of the next night. On the following day by chance a journey to town interrupted my nightly spirit-walks. At my return after three weeks, this mighty charm was broken, and nothing could have induced me to venture them by my own determination. — They indeed led a way, those friendly night-spirits, which does not lead back, they gave me lore, they would advise me to mind the deepness, the earnestness, the wisdom of my fortune, and to consider its favour only as its resplendence. So is it with mankind; while their fate offers them a transient enjoyment, they want for ever to abide with it, and thus they omit to intrust in their fortune, which steps forward, and

they do not guess, that they must part with enjoyment, to hasten after fortune and not leave it out of sight.

* * *

Only this *one* is bliss which unfolds the genuine ideal within us, and only as far as enjoyment lifts the mind into ether, and teaches it to float in unknown regions, it is true bliss to him. — Truly, I should like, always to be with thee, to behold thy face, to exchange speech with thee, that delight never would be exhausted; yet a secret voice says to me, that it would not be worthy of thee to settle this for my happiness. To hasten onward into the endless ocean, these are the paths, which on the icy way the spirits prescribed to me, on which certainly I shall never lose thee, as thou also dost not return, and on which I never shall overtake thee, and thus indeed the only aim of all desire is eternity.

* * *

The journey to town had been occasioned by the war, to escape the conflict of the Austrians and French. It was to be feared that our little paradise in town, with its well-regulated pleasure-grounds would soon be destroyed by the hoofs of the fighting cavalry. The enemy had only hastily passed over our fields and woods, and crossed the river; the cheerful repose of the coming spring displayed protectingly over the young seed, whose vernal green peeped already through the melting snow as we returned.

The mighty trunks of the chesnut-alley — thou knowest them well! many dreams of thy spring-days fluttered here about, vying with the young brood of the nightingale: how often hast thou sauntered there on thy sweet-heart's arm, to meet the rising moon! I may not think of it, thou wilt fully remember the gentle prospects, the busy life on the river by day-light; its calm-whispering reedy-shores in warm summer-

nights and round about its blooming gardens, between which the neat streets are scattered, and wilt also recall its convenience for thy love-affairs. Since that time the country, the way of living and the population too, have undergone a wondrous change, and nobody who has not seen it, would believe it; every one, who with its travelling book in his pocket passes there, coming from a voyage round the world, would think he had been removed into a town of fairy-tales. There, a mysterious tribe in gaudy marvellous garments crowds among the others; the men with long beards, in purple, in green and yellow robes, with half their robes of different colours, the beautiful youths and boys in close-fitting waist-coats, bordered with gold, the breeches half green, half red or yellow, galloping onward mounted on mettlesome horses with silver bells on their necks; or at eventide preluding through the streets on the guitar or flute, till at last they make halt before their sweet-heart's window. Imagine all this, and the mild summer-sky vaulted over it, whose horizon bounds a blooming, dancing and singing world; imagine the prince of that

tribe, with silver-beard and white garments, reposing on costly carpets and pillows in the public street before his palace, surrounded by his courtiers, each of whom wears a badge of his office and rank on his strange dress. There he feasts in the open air, opposite the gay gardens, behind the elegant gratings of which high pyramids of blooming flowers are raised, and aviaries with fine wire net-work, where the gold-pheasant and the peacock proudly stalk among the cooing doves and the little singing-birds rejoice; all surrounded with tender green turf, where many jets of water spring up; the boys, in embroidered garments, bring golden dishes, while music sounds from the open windows of the palace. We children halted there sometimes in passing by, we gazed and listened to the unison of beautiful youths in song, on the flute and guitar; but I did not then know, that the world is not everywhere expanded in such a gay loveliness, in so pure a joyousness, and so I did not think it wondrous when night came on, and the grandest symphonies were sounding from the neighbour's garden, exe-

cuted by an orchestra of the most famous artists, when the stately tall trees were ornamented with as many coloured lamps, as stars were to be seen in the sky; then I sought for a lonely path, and gazed at the fiery glow-worms, how they crossed each other in flying, and I was surprised at their wonderful shine, and I thought at night of these animals, delighted that I should see them again the next evening; but to see men did not delight me, — they did not shine to me, I did not comprehend nor guess how to sympathise with them, — many a summernight also the orchestra of wind-instruments swam on the Main, up and down; attended by many barks in which scarcely a whisper was to be heard, with such a deep earnest did they listen to the music. There I too was rocked on the gentle gliding waves, and I beheld the flitting shadows and lights and moon-beams, and let the cool water flow over my hands. Such was our summer-life, which suddenly was interrupted by the returning scenes of war. There was no possibility of escaping; on the morning, as we awoke,

there was the cry: "down into the cellar! the town is cannonaded, the French have entered the town, the Red-mantles*) and the Death-heads**) throng on from every side, to drive them out!" There was a flocking in the streets, they told of the red-mantles, that they never gave quarter, that they cut all down with the sword, that they had horrible moustachios, rolling eyes, blood-red mantles, that the shed blood should not be seen. By and by the shutters were closed, the streets emptied, and as the first cannon-ball flew through the streets, every one ran to the cellar, we too, grandmama, my aunt, a cousin of eighty years of age, the cook, the chamber-maid and a male inmate of our house; there we sat, the time grew tiresome; we listened — a bomb fell into our courtyard and burst. — That was at least a diversion, but now we had to fear, fire might break out. Many things of great value to my grandmama, as books and pictures she remembered of, and longed to see them

*) Hungarian soldiers, commanded by the Austrians.

**) Todtenköpfe, the famous austrian hussars, having a skull as device on their caps.

safe in the cellar. The male inmate demonstrated, that it was impossible now to bring down the picture of Saint John from the upper saloon as it was much too heavy, a picture which had the marvellous credit to be of Raphael; I silently stole away, went up to the saloon, tore off the heavy picture, slang it over my back by the sling and thus before the discussion was finished, I came bouncing down the cellar-stairs, to the astonishment of all and to the great delight of my grandmamma; I reported also that I had looked out of the window in the saloon, and that all was quiet; I was allowed to save more, and got the keys of the library to fetch works of engravings, and with joyous haste I ran up stairs, as I had long since wished very much to peep into the library; there were collections of superb shells, rare stones, dried herbs, there were ostrich-eggs hanging on the walls, cocoa-nuts, old weapons lying about, a load-stone on which all sewing and knitting needles remained hanging, there stood boxes with letters, toilets with curious old vessels and ornaments, egrets with stars of coloured stones and

diamonds; how happy I was to have the key, I brought down what they wished, took out the key without locking, and promised myself a silent lonely night, in which I would rejoice examining and contemplating all. The firing had begun again, single horsemen were heard interrupting the awful silence of the streets, the fright in the cellar increased, but they did not think that I was in danger, I also not; I forbore to mention that I was without fear, nay, I did not even feel it, and thus I got the office of attending on all, and caring for every want. At times I heard horsemen galloping by; — "that may be a Redmantle!" I thought, and ran hastily to the window of the ground-floor, opened the shutters — lo! there he stood in the midst of the street, with drawn sabre, long flying moustachios, thick black braids, hanging down from under his red fur-cap, the red mantle waved in the air, as he flew down the street — all in dead silence again! — there a young man in shirt sleeves, with bare head, ghastly pale, spotted with blood, runs to and fro in despair, rattles at the house-door

knocks at the shutters, none is opened — but my heart throbs, I make a sign to him — he does not see it. Now he runs towards me, begging, — suddenly the clatter of hoofs is heard; he cringes in the recess of the courtgate, the horseman, who seeking pursues him, passes by him, halts a moment, spies into the distance, turns and gallops off. — Oh! every look, every movement of the rider and his horse stood deeply impressed within my brain! the poor terror-struck youth comes forth, and on the weak child's arm he swings himself into the sheltering walls; in a wink the rider is there again, he gallops on to me, I do not move from the window, he asks for water, — I hasten to the kitchen to fetch him some; after he has drunk and I have seen him ride down the street, then I close the shutters, and now I look after my rescued booty. If the Redmantle had raised himself in his stirrups, he would have discovered my rescued man; — trembling he kissed my hands and said in a low voice: *"o mon dieu! mon dieu!"* — I laughed for joy, but then I burst out in tears, for I was affected of

having become the rescuer of a man, without deliberating and being conscious of it. — And thou also! — does it not affect thee? — does it not delight thee that I succeeded? — more than all the flatteries, I could say thee? — *"Sauvez moi, cachez moi!"* he said, *"mon père et ma mère prieront pour vous!"* — I took him by the hand and led him in silence quietly over the court-yard to the wood-house; there I examined his wound; I could not wash the blood off, as I had no water, and did not venture to fetch any, as our neighbour Andree, whom you will remember, had ascended to his observatory to watch the tumult of war, and could have perceived me. One single way I had found out: I licked the blood off, for I thought it not fine to wash it off with my spittle; he allowed me to do as I would; softly and smoothly I drew off his sticking hair — suddenly a hen with great clamour flew down from the piles of wood, we had frightened her from the spot where she was wont to lay her eggs. I climbed up to fetch the egg, and put its inward white skin on the wound. — It will have healed,

I trust! — Now I hastened again down into the cellar; one of my sisters was asleep, the other prayed for fear, our grandmama was writing her testament on a little table by candlelight, my aunt had made tea, I got the keys of the pantry, to fetch some wine and cold meat, then I thought too of the wants of my poor prisoner, and brought him some wine and bread. Thus the day and the danger went over, we left the cellar, my secret began to pinch me; I observed every step of the inmates; I helped the cook in the kitchen, I fetched water and wood for her, under the pretext it might still be dangerous out of doors; she allowed me to do it. — At last, night came on, and as the neighbour had reported, that nothing was to be apprehended at present, we went to sleep, which we were so much in want of. My bed-room was next to grandmama's, from thence I could observe the wood-house, which was lighted by the moon, I now arranged my plan: firstly a dress was to be procured, to conceal his being a soldier. How lucky that I had left open the library! a hunter's coat and cap were hang-

ing there, — of what cut — old or new-fashioned — I did not know. Like a ghost I glided in my stockings past my aunt's room, silently I brought the dress down, that the metallic buttons might not clatter; he put it on, and it fitted him exactly — God made it fit him! and the hunter's cap too. The money which I sometimes got, I used to put under the pillow of a leathern arm-chair, as I did not know how to spend it. I examined the chair and scraped together a sufficient sum, which I gave to my rescued youth as a score-penny. Now I led him through the moonlit and blossom-breathing garden: we walked slowly hand in hand behind the poplar-row, to the wall where the nightingale every year made his nest in the rose-hedge; it was just that time, but no help! — this year it must be disturbed. — Then he would thank me, he took me on his arms, and lifted me up high, he threw off his cap and put his bandaged head into my bosom; what could I do? — I had my arms free, I folded them over his head in a prayer: he kissed me, climbed over the rose-hedge-wall into a garden, which led to

the river Main, from thence he could get over, as there were boats on the shore.

There are unexpected events, they are forgotten, as if they were never experted, and then only when they rise anew out of the fountain of memory, their significance will be guessed — it is as if an emergency in life was required, to teach us how to feel their importance; there are other occurrences, for which we ardently wait, and they glide as smoothly and indifferently over, as the trickling water. — When thou askedst me, who had given me the first kiss, which I clearly remembered, my thoughts swerved to and fro, like a weaver's shuttle, till at last this shape of my rescued came forth brisk and plain, and in this echoing of my feelings I first become aware how deep a trace they left behind within me. — There are also thoughts lightsome as beams, which but for a moment bestow the sense of brightness and then vanish; but I believe indeed that they will be everlasting and touch us again in the moment, when our ethical strength becomes so much enhanced, as to enable us to compre-

hend them. I believe: to doom ourselves, or if thou likest, to make war against all powers, is the best way to share in higher thoughts. There is a sort of rabble also in the spirit, which crushes all zeal of inspiration, and usuriously extends itself; to this belong all sort of claims on the outer world; the mind which expects anything without itself, never will acquire it from within itself; all incitement, which from without becomes an offence, can become a virtue from within; — the sense that in touching the outside of life, instantly shoots out into vanity, reserved in the inmost soul, will shape itself a subduing to beauteousness. And so perhaps every perverseness proceeds thence, because its excitement fails in its satisfying. All claims, all allurement, all passion shall be satisfied only by the divine; and shall not become the slave of passion, but of our sublimer nature.

When I behold myself and my doing and my aspiring, then I am instantly struck with thoughts of which I feel, they have a settled reference to a settled appearance within me; as certainly also

in the different epochs of the plant's-life, their nutriment adopts a diverse spiritual direction; that for instance in blooming, their food, which indeed consists in the self-same elements, intends a metamorphosis, enhanced within itself — for this nutriment shows itself in the life of the plant, no longer merely vegetating: but perfuming, fragrant, inspirited with the plant's spirit. Thoughts of this kind bless me, when I make peace with myself, and accept of slumber, as conciliating myself. Thus I felt last night before sleeping, as if my own mind was in love with me, and then I slept tranquillity deep into my soul; and awoke from moment to moment, and became aware of thoughts. Without meditating farther on them, or exploring their contents, nay, without comprehending many of them, I wrote them down with a pencil, and instantly I slept on; but soon after they awakened me again; these thoughts were like exclaimings of my soul, in the sensations of becalming. — I will copy them here, as I have learned them. If they are of worth and contents, I will not consider; but al-

ways they aver a spirit, even in sleep alive and active. I believe, that each doing has its endless inferences, that truth grants us enjoyment, that therefore every enjoyment has a truth as its deepest foundation, that therefore every enjoyment is legitimised by its truth.

I believe that all presensions are reflectings of truth.

The spirit is eye! — the more sharp-sighted it is, the more pervading will it guess, and the more pure the mirror-shape of truth comes forth in the senses. The multifariousness shall lead to oneness. The mirror embraces all within one glance.

Light brings forth the manifold living and striving into oneness, into the realm of the divine.

Philosophy is the symbol of passion between God and mankind.

Love is a metamorphosis of the divinity.

Every thought is the blossom of a plant; what is then its fruit? — its influence upon the mind, is its fruit.

The sense of genuine spirit requires innocence. It is only with the innocent Psyche that the spirit will confer.

Spirit restores offended innocence. To taste the fruit of spirit, makes innocent, and that is the effect of its fruit.

The sensual is symbol of the spiritual, is the mirror of a truth, not as yet born in spiritual experience.

Spiritual experience is developed life. Are we possessed of the spiritual truth, then the sensual is dissolved.

All that is sensual is not comprehended, by comprehending it, it becomes spiritual.

Spiritual development gives great pains; it avers the spirit's relation to the senses.

Spirit which excites not pain is life after birth.

Often the spirit dies, its death is sin; but it arises again to life; to rise from death gives pain.

Spirit is an enchanter, it performs all! when with the full fancy of love I step before thee, then indeed thou art there.

What is magic? — to make the truth of our sensations be of value. —

Longing is ever in the right, but mankind often misinterpretes it.

Man has adopted a sensual body, within it to become sentient of truth; the earthly is there, that the divine become manifested by it.

All working of nature is but an instinct, to follow the track of truth.

Truth has no body; but sensual life tracks its way.

Sometimes I am in the mood to avert myself from thee, as I comprehend thee with my senses; and to lay claim to the divine mystery of thy existence; and then I feel, that all diverging inclinations dissolve into one.

Certainly! love is the instinct of a higher partnership, of the same divine nature with the beloved. Therefore love excludes all diverging inclinations.

When first we become aware, that all outward eyes are one inly eye, that beholds us, then we do all for the sake of the inly eye, for we

want to be seen in our secret doing of beauteousness.

Our impulse to do beauteously, is the impulse to appear agreeable to the inward eye. Therefore the impulse for value and glory is a perverse satisfying of this innate, indestructible propensity, its origin is of a divine source. — What is to us all glory of the world, what the prestigeous applause of an ignorant crowd, when we do not come off with glory before the eye of the inly genius; when our beauty is annihilated before it! — I will only exist for my own beauteousness, I will do homage only to it, for it is the Beloved himself. —

When we explain the glance of the inner eye, then we have art and knowing.

All knowing shall raise itself to art, it shall as innocently imitate truth, as does art, and so it becomes a mirror of truth, an image in which we become aware of truth.

Thinking is an immediate imitation of truth, it is not truth itself, it has no body, it has but an appearance.

Search for truth within thyself, then thou promotest to find it and to loose thyself in it.

In thine inly being thou wilt be aware of a vivid agitating, as the agitating of water, it is nought but an agitating to dissolve oneself in truth.

All life dissolves itself in a higher truth, passes over into a higher truth; should it be otherwise, then it would be dying.

Beauteousness is a dissolving of the sensual perception in a higher truth; beauteousness does not die, it is spirituousness.

All disharmony is untruth.

When thou wilt sleep, then yield to thy inner moon. Sleep in the moonlight of thy own nature! I believe, that will bring forth and nurse thy mind, as the moonlight nurses and promotes the mind of the plants.

He who by his own means subdues his spirit to nature, for him is no death.

Spirit must become so powerful, that it shall not feel the death of the body.

Spirit needs not to think, and may yet be powerful only by the pureness of its will.

To behold in all only oneself, to have the purest mind to oneself; by this the spirit is powerful.

Also the sensual sleep shall be enjoyed so, that it may become a spirituous balm.

Perhaps spirituous wealth may be transferred like earthly, perhaps the spirits impart their efficacy to their descendants! "I am aware in thy thought, of what spirit thou art the child." This is a proverb which assents to my remark.

Growing is the feeling, that primeness forces its way to its origin, into eternity.

Genius alone can restore the hurt innocence. Oh, come genius, to make peace with me.

Here a deeper sleep overcame me. — In the morning I found the sheets filled with this writing; scarcely I remembered it, but very distinctly did I remember this night's cheerfulness, and that I had a sensation, as rocking must be to the child in the cradle, and I thought I should like often to dream so.

Now I will tell thee also the story of my second kiss, it followed almost immediately upon

the first; and what dost thou think of thy girl, that she is become so light-minded? — yes, that once I was very lightly minded and indeed to a friend of thine. — The bell rings, hastily I spring to open the door; a man in black dress, of stern appearance, with somewhat inflamed eyes, enters, — even before announcing his name, or saying what is his business, he kisses me; even before I bethink myself, I give him a box on the ear, and only then I look furiously in his face and become aware of a friendly countenance, which seems not at all frightened and not irritated at my proceeding. To escape my dilemma — for I did not know if I had done right or wrong — I quickly open to him the doors of my grandmother's apartments. Then my surprise suddenly was changed to fright, when I heard her exclaim in great ecstacy: "Herder, my Herder! Is it possible that your way should have led you into this whimsical cricket-hut? — be a thousand times embraced!" — and here followed these thousand inarmings, during which I gently sneaked away, and wished that in the

throng of caresses the *one* might be drowned, which was replied to him with a box on the ear. But, not so! — he forgot neither kiss nor flap, fast enchained to the heart of my grandmother by her embracing arms, he leered over her shoulder upon the grand-child, making to her a beseeching reproach. I instantly understood him and made also intelligible to him, he should not accuse me, or I would avenge it and I escaped beyond the antechambers. But Herder had no longer devotion for my grandmother, for her beautiful remembrances of Switzerland, for her account of the correspondence with Julia Bondeli, for her flattering speeches and enthusiastic encomium, for her notices of the literary public. To all this he replied, if she would not let him see her grand-children? — then we three sisters were solemnly presented to him, and also instructed by my grandmother, what an event of high moment it was for us, to see this great philosopher and first professor of theosophy in all Germany, and receive his benediction. He was also not at all slow, and hastened towards me, laid

his hand upon my head, under which I threateningly looked at him, and with a solemn and slow voice he said: *"this one seems to be very independent, as God has endowed her with this strength as a weapon for her fortune, may she then use it without disturbance, that all submit to her daring will, and no body may have a mind, to break her mind."* A little astonished was my grandmother at this strange benediction, but still more, so that he did not bless my sisters, who were her darlings. We were dismissed and went into the garden, — at that time we were by the taste of my grandmother dressed in the manner of English girls, in white frocks with sashes of blue and white flamed silk, they were tied on the back in knots which, displayed in their full breadth, seemed like the wings of a butterfly. — While I was working at my flower bed, somebody caught me by these wings; it was Herder, "lo! little Psyche," said he, "with the wings thou enjoyst freedom, when thou knowst the right time to make use of them; but by the wings thou shalt also be seized, and

is in the wind, where the butterfly vainly dances round it. Let me tell and paint with these bright hues from the child's colour-shells, with which I then still illustrated my world and understood it; and thou also wilt understand and rejoice to look with me in that mirror, in which I perceive myself and the genius, which summons me to thee.

He was beauteous the Duke! — beauteous for the large-vaulted infant-eye, which had not yet beheld a countenance whose features streamed forth genius. When for hours he sat with my grandmother, and let her relate to him, then I would stand near him and stare at him; I was sunk in contemplation at those pure sublime lineaments, which never are bestowed on common man.

This pure stern brow, whose midst was left as a hearth for the divine glow of wrath, this nose, still more sublime, bold and defying than his awful fate, these fine moist lips, which before all expressed command and authority, which drank air and sighed out the deepest melancholy, these delicate temples, gliding down to the cheeks

and to the turned up chin like Minerva's brazen helmet! — Let me paint, Goethe! — from my little colour-shells, it will be so beautiful! look at those gaudy contrasting colours, which the philosophical painter avoids, but I, the child, paint thus; and thou, who smilest to the child as to the stars, and in whose inspiration infant simplicity mingles with the prophet-look of the wise, rejoice then in the gaudy bright colours of my fancy.

Such he was, the beauteous blind Duke, such he is still now in the magic mirror of remembrance, which holds fettered the images of my childhood, and strings them in rows of pearls and lays them down as an offer to thy feet; thus his figure was often bent down in grief for his blinded youth, then proudly erect with serene scornfulness with irony he smiled, when he turned up to light his deep-sunk eye-stars. There I stood and stared at him, as the shepherd's-boy, fully oblivious of his flock and his dog, stares at Prometheus, forged to the solitary rock, unlamented by the averted world. There I stood and sucked in the pure dew which the tragic muse

sprinkles from her urn, to quench the dust of meanness; — whilst I was absorbed in deep unconscious reveries at him. — It was in his twentieth year, in the wild, ardent joyance of youth, in the feeling of his overwhelming beauty, and in the secret consciousness of all that stood at its command, that on his birth-day as he was to join the chace he jumped over the table, with his spur pulled to the ground the table-cloth with service and set of plate, dashing them to pieces, to throw himself on the neck of his dearest friend, to embrace him, and talk over a thousand adventures. They separated at the chace, and the first shot which the friend fired, struck out both the eye-balls of the Duke.

I never pitied the Duke, I never was conscious of his misfortune; such as I beheld him, he appeared to me entirely to agree with himself and his fate; when I heard others say: "what a pity, that the Duke is blind!" I did not feel with them, I rather thought: "what a pity that you all are not blind, to prevent your comparing the meanness of your features

with these!" Yes, Goethe! Beauty is the seeing eye of God, God's eye, on what object it reposes, calls forth beauty, and though the Duke's eyes had no light — he was betrothed to the divine light by beauteousness, and this is by no means the most bitter fate.

When I thus stood at his side and lost in reveries I sighed with him, then he asked: *"qui est là? — Bettine! amie! — viens que je touche tes traits, pour les apprendre par coeur!"* and then he took me on his knees, and glided with his finger over my brows, over my nose and lips, and he said to me fine words of my eyes glowing, as if he could behold them. Once I drove with him from Frankfort to Offenbach to pay a visit to my grandmother; I was sitting at his side; he asked if we were still in the town, if there were houses and people near us? — I said "no, we were in the country;" suddenly his countenance changed, he seized me and pressed me to his heart; I was afraid and quick as lightning, I slipped from his embrace and stooped down into the corner of the carriage; he sought me, I laughed

secretly that he could not find me, then he said: *"ton coeur est-il si méchant pour mépriser, pour se jouer d'un pauvre aveugle?"* then I was frightened at the offence of my pertness, I returned to his side and allowed him to draw me near him, to press me violently to his heart, but my face I turned aside and gave him my cheek, when he sought for my lips. He asked me if I had a confessor and if I would tell him that he had kissed me. I said roguishly, if he thought that it would please my confessor, I would do so. *"Non, mon amie, cela ne lui plaira pas, il n'en faut rien dire, cela ne lui plaira absolument pas, n'en dites rien à personne."* In Offenbach I told my grandmother, that the Duke had kissed me, then she looked at me and said: *"Child! a blind man, a poor man!"* — In driving home he asked me, if I had told my grandmama that he had kissed me? — "Yes!" I said. Well, was grandmama angry? "No!" *"et bien? est ce qu'elle n'a rien dit?"* — *"oui!"* — *"et quoi?"* — "a blind man, a poor man!" — *"O oui!"* he cried, *"elle a bien raison!* a blind man, a poor man!"

and then he exclaimed again and again: "a blind man, a poor man!" till at last he burst into a loud cry of woe, which pierced my heart like a sword; but my eyes remained dry, while tears fell from his dead ones. — Since that time a solemn monument has been raised to the Duke within my heart.

* * *

We had a beautiful garden before the house, symmetry and cleanliness were its chief ornaments, on both sides the espaliers were covered with exotic fruit-trees, in the middle walk these trees stood so nobly, so high, so free from every fault, in autumn their lithy boughs, heavily laden bent to the ground, it was as still in this garden as in a temple, at the entrance there was a pond on either side, with flower-isles in the midst of them, high poplars bounded the garden and accomodated with the trees in the neighbouring gardens. Pray, fancy how I fared

there, how all was so plain and how I became conscious of thee.

What works within my heart when I call to mind how the little blossom-catkins of the poplars and those brown clammy shells of the buds showered down on me, how I sat there so calmly and watched the striving tendrils of the young vine-branches, how the sun-beams shone on me, the bees around me hummed, the beetles buzzed to and fro, the spider hung its net before me in the trellis of the arbour. — In such an hour I became first aware of thee. — Then I listened, then I heard from afar the bustle of the world, then I said to myself: "thou art out of this world, but with whom art thou?" — Who is with thee? — Then I thought of near and far, there was nothing that belonged to me. Then I could conceive nothing, imagine nothing that could be mine. Then by chance, or was it written so in the stars, thy appearance came forth; I never had heard anything about thee but blame, they had said in my presence: "Goethe is no more as he was; he is proud and haughty, he knows no more

his old friends, his beauty has mightily waned, and he looks not as nobly as formerly; much was spoken in this way by my aunt and grandmother, which was to thy prejudice. I had heard it without attending to it, for I did not know, who thou wast. — Now in this solitude and secluded stillness, beneath the trees which just were to bloom, these speeches occurred to me, and I saw in my mind how those men who would criticise thee, were wrong, and I said to myself: "No! he is not unbeauteous, he is thoroughly noble, to me he is not haughty; he defies only the world, which bustles without, but to me, who thinks friendly of him, he is kind;" and at once I felt as if thou likedst me, and I fancied myself inclosed in thine arms and parted by thee from the whole world, and within my heart I searched for thee and had friendly intercourse with thee in thought; and from this came afterwards my jealousy; when any one spoke of thee or uttered thy name it was as if they had called thee to come out of my breast. Do not forget Goethe, how I learned to love thee,

that I knew nothing of thee but that thou wast maliciously mentioned in my presence; my aunt spoke of thy freethinking, and that thou didst not believe in the devil; in that same moment I also did not believe in the devil and was wholly thine, and I loved thee, without knowing that thou wast the poet of whom the world expected so great things, *that* I heard later; *then* I only knew that people blamed thee, and my heart said: "No he is greater, he is more beauteous than all;" and then I loved thee with ardent love until to-day, and I defied the whole world until to-day, and turned away from every one who spoke about thee: I could not hearken to it. But when at last I could understand thy glory, great grief expanded my breast; in tears I laid my face upon the first book of thine, that came into my hands, it was the *Meister**); my brother Clemens had brought it to me. As I was alone I opened the book, there I read thy name, this I beheld as if it were thyself. There on the grass-seat, where a

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*) Wilhelm Meister, renowned as the first german novel.

few days before I had thought of thee for the first time, and gave thee shelter within my heart, here a created world of thine streamed towards me; here I found Mignon*) when she speaks with the friend, when he takes her into favour; — then I felt thy presence, I laid my hand upon the book, and I fancied as if I stood before thee and touched thy hand; it was always so silent and so solemn when I was alone with the book; and now the days passed and I remained faithful to thee. I have never thought on other things with which I would fill my time; thy songs were the first which I learned; ah, how richly hast thou endowed me for this inclination to thee, how was I astonished, how was I struck with the beauty of their sound; and their contents which then I could not yet conceive, — as I learned to understand them! — what has all this stirred up within me, what have I felt and enjoyed, and what events have I passed through! how often has jealousy towards these songs excited me, and in many of

*) the beloved child in this novel.

them I felt myself sung and blessed. — Yes, why should I not dream myself blessed? — what higher reality is there, than the dream? — Thou never wilt find in the bosom of the longed-for bliss, what thou hadst dreamed of it. — Years pass by, while one weens himself near the other, and yet the genuine nature will never venture to come to light; the first moment of a free absolute movement divides friendship and love. The eternal inexhaustible source of love is: that it carries mysteries within its clear undulations. The endless in the spirit, so covetous for longing, is indeed, that spirit offers eternal enigmas. Therefore my friend, I dream, and none of wisdom's lessons so deeply penetrate me with ever new inspiration, as these dreams do; for they rely not on delusion, but on the sacred necessity of love. — My first perusing of thy works! — I did not understand them, but the sound, the rhythm, the choice of words, to which thou confidedst thy spirit: *those* ravished me without having comprehended their meaning; yes, I might assert that I was much too deeply engaged with thee, to

let the story of thy poetry intrude itself between us; alas! nobody had told me of thee: that thou wert the greatest, the only man among all; *that* I discovered myself, as I learned by and by to understand thy books; how often did I then feel shamed by these potent inspirations; there I stood and spoke in the mirror with myself: "He knows nothing of thee, in this hour other bells ring to him, which call him here and there, he is cheerful, the present one is to him the most beloved, poor child! his heart does not call thee;" then my tears flowed, then I consoled myself and was awed before this love as before something wholly sublime. Yes, it is true, a loftier being dwells within us, we shall follow submitting to its will, and to none other shall we build altars and bring sacrifices, nothing shall happen *out* of it, we shall know of no happiness but alone *within* it.

So I have loved thee in complying to this internal voice, I was blind, and deaf to all that happened, no spring-feast and no winter-feast was celebrated by me; upon thy books, which I ever

would read, I laid my head and clasped a circle with my arms around them, and so I slept a sweet slumber; meanwhile my sisters in beautiful dresses visited the balls, and I longed always to get sooner to sleep, only to be there, where I was nigher to thee. Thus time passed between my sixteenth and eighteenth year, then I came to thy mother, with her I spoke of thee as if thou wast amidst us, then I came to thee, and since then thou knowst indeed that I never ceased to dwell with thee within a circle, which a mighty charm draws around us. And since then thou knowest every event within my heart and mind, therefore I can say to thee nothing as only: "draw me to thy heart and keep me on it thy whole life.

Good night! to-morrow I go to the Wetterau.

* * *

Journey to the Wetterau.

How it looks here I must describe thee. A wide plain, all corn on every side, as if the earth was a round plate, yet with a brim: for the plain around softly swells uphill, alternately encircled by forests and by mountain-peaks. Here I am standing in the middle among the undulating crop! If I had bow and arrows, and were to shoot from the centre in whatever direction, my arrow would fly to an old castle. I stroll to every side, and where a castle appears, thither I wander; then I have to leap over many a ditch, to wade through many brooks, to cross woods, to climb over steep rocks; if there were abysses, rapid torrents, deserts and giddy precipices, I would be the most daring adventurer. — On every old ruin a little dwelling of man is plastered on like a swallow's nest, where curious old people live, cut off from most rela-

tions with their fellowmen, and yet endowed with a heart-touching look, as if piercing through the clouds. — Yesterday we walked a whole hour through finely arranged vine-walks till we arrived at the steep hill, where the walls of the fortification begin, which can only be climbed up by bold and skilful leaps. There on the top some compassionate pear-trees have remained standing, oaks with their large broad roof of leaves, and a lime-tree in the floating, sultry steam of its blossoms. Amidst this venerable society, the witnesses of former days, an old man with silver-hair was lying on spare turf and slept. The green fruit which had fallen from the trees, was lying gathered by his side; from his hands had probably fallen the worn out, open prayer-book, upon which a black dog with glowing eyes had rested his nose; he threatened to bark, but remained silent, lest he should awake his master: we too went round the little space in a wider circle, to show the dog, that we had no bad intention. I took a loaf of white bread from the basket and some wine, I ventured as near as the dog

allowed me, and put it down. Then I went to the other side and took a glance at the valley; it was trimmed with silver-ribbands which crossed the green meadows, the black forest encircled it, the distant mountain-tops watched over it, the flocks wandered over the pasture-ground, the sun followed the flock of clouds, reluctant in his lustre, and left the pale moonsickle alone, there above the black forest of firs. Thus I walked round the castle and saw up and down, everywhere wonderful images, heard melancholy sounds, and felt the low awful breathing of nature, she sighed, she woefully fawned round me, as if she would say: "weep with me!" — Oh! what is in *my power?* — what can I give her!

When I returned, I saw in passing the old man under the tree, eating the white bread I had laid near him, and his dog, which was sitting upright before him and looked into his mouth.

* * *

Opposite lies another castle, there dwells as a companion an old woman, surrounded by three grandchildren, fair cherubs of whom the eldest is three years, the youngest six months old. She is nearly seventy and walks on crutches: last year she was still vigorous, as she told us, and had the employment from the schoolmaster of tolling the bells, because the church was on a higher place than the village, and nearer to the old castle-ruin. Her son was a carpenter: in the cold Christmas-time he went to the forest to fell wood and to work it for a house, he did not return, — he was frozen in the wood. When they brought her the news, she went down to the wood to see him for the last time, and there she fell down and became lame; they were obliged to carry her up the steep hight, from which she is never more to come down now. "Every evening I see the stars, which will shine on my grave and that rejoices me," she said, "I

have made peace with all mankind and with all fate, the wind may roaring pass by, as the Bible says, and throttle the old oaks, or the sun may warm my old limbs — I accept of all. Peace with all things makes the spirit powerful, real peace has wings and lifts man still in his life-time high above the earth, to heaven, for it is a heavenly messenger and shows the shortest path; and says, we shall not rest any where, for that is discord. The straight way to heaven is spirit. *That* is the road which leads beyond, that one understands and conceives everything. Who murmurs against his fate, does not understand it — but he who accept of it in peace, will soon learn to understand it. What one has experienced and learned is always a stage he has made on the way to heaven: yes, yes! the fate of man contains all knowledge, and when one has understood every thing in this terrestrial world, he will be able at last, I think, to know our Lord. Nobody learns to understand, but by the inspiration of the holy ghost: by self-revelation one learns to comprehend others' want; — I discover

instantly in every man's heart, what burns and what sears him, and I know too, when the time comes which heals him: yes! I must still daily weep over my dear son, who died by frost, but as I know, he has completed his earthly way, I have no objection. I read also every day in this book: there all these great truths are written." She gave us an old hymn to read: "Oh Lord! Thou leadest me on in gloomy paths, but at the end, I behold light." But in this, nothing stood of what she had told us besides some of the principal words.

When we went home, the Giessen students dispersed our melancholy; they were encamped on the slope of the mountain in large vine-arbours: they sung, they shouted, glasses and bottles flew down; they danced, waltzed and rolled down the mountain, and made the valley resound with their horrible roaring.

* * *

The Nurse's Castle.

Thus I call a little dwelling, which is exactly so large, as to satisfy the most simple wants of a single person, in nice comfortable order: it is built with red bricks on a conical mountain-top, covered with velvet grass. Three years ago it did not yet stand there; then love was the only shelter against wind and weather; there they often came together from spring till autumn, from sunset till sun-rise, they lay there cheered by the smiling moon, on the flower-turf between silvery mountain-springs; when winter came, the trumpet of war called him, and Armida remained alone, but not long, then came Amor the child, she laid him in the cradle, she nursed him with the milk of her bosom, and from the nurse-wages she bought this spot and built the little cottage. Now she lives with her gold-curled boy here on high, where she sees far through the valley in

the distance, and also can hear in the calm the drum beaten, or the trumpet sounding among the rocks. Perhaps he will return and discover in seeing the gaudy painted chimney, planted upon the cottage-roof, that the joyous bliss of love is not changed into repentance.

* * *

To-day we went to another castle: it is twenty miles off: its proud, well-preserved towers rise to heaven as if in swearing an oath. It can be seen at many miles distance, at every quarter of an hour it has another countenance, now woods appear enclosing it, then soft hills, many villages swim in the fertile skirts of its long and wide field-vesture, in whose folds they soon are lost again. We were all mounted and armed for the chase. We dined in the wood; and then pursued a fox, and that detained us. As we arrived, the moon rose between the two towers, but we rode in the dark valley through the rugged streets

of the little town; we spent the night in a large iron-foundery. In the morning at daylight I hurried out, I meaned to surprise my fair one, Nature, with her eyes shut; I longed to see, how from this side she would look in so sweet a posture. Oh friend! — all the flower-cups full of dew-mirrors, one halm paints itself in the pearly ornaments of the other, one flowret sucks its image in the cup of the next; — and thou! thy spirit, thy reviving spirit, what can it be but pure dew from heaven, in which all reflects in purest primitive beauty. Mirror! — deep knowledge full of wisdom is thy spirit, in which even thyself but reflects; and all the good, mankind is endowed with by thee, is only the mirror of their purest unadulterated nature, — their own *ideality*. Now I returned from my way to the castle, which I had enwheeled twice *in winged race*, as Pindar says. It lies on a round top, covered with short grass, the flock thronged around its dungeons like a furcollar; a bleating furcollar! I had bread with me, which I distributed among them, as the German emperor did

among the Tyrolese, but they too pressed me, as the Tyrolese did the emperor and screamed: "More bread! more bread! ba, ba!" — I had nothing more, like the emperor: I was in danger to be tumbled down like him. I broke through them, and in full gallop down the mountain, the whole flock after me also with the barking dog, I arrived at the foot of the mountain before the inn; there they awoke the whole party of travellers with their bleating, and I assure thee, they would enter the guest's room by force. I must lock the door; I think the ram would have forced it open with his horns. Certainly, if the Tyrolese had done thus, the emperor must have provided them with bread; but they did like the shepherd, who remained thunderstruck on the mountain and saw his flock hurry down; "You can pen together a thousand foolish tricks, as the shepherd does his flock," my brother Francis said, as he saw me arrive with the flock at my heels.

Till all had made themselves ready to start, I walked about in the cow-house. The yard is

immensely large, a whole farm would find place in it, they call from one barn to the other with speaking-trumpet. The cowhouse in the middle forms a theatre, a semicircle of smooth cows, at each end closed in by a bull. At the end where I entered, the ox is so friendly and gentle, that he tries to reach every one who comes near him with his tongue, to lick him: he bellowed at me, I would not let him beg in vain, and had my face licked by his foaming tongue; he liked that so much, that he would not leave off. He pasted all the locks together, which your hand always strokes in such fine order.

Now I will describe you the castle, but cursorily, for where I cannot caress in words, I do not like to stay long. It is in better state of preservation than the others; even that of Gelnhausen is not nearly so perfect, and I cannot conceive, why it is not taken more notice of. In former times it belonged to the barons of Muenzeberg, now it has descended to the Counts of Stolberg. — The castle is well preserved in its

the moment of presence and swallow it up. — Oh Goethe, only one thing is of cogent force to me, my being in thee: after *that* come the end of all things.

Shall I take thee farther with me on my rambles, or is it enough of decayed walls, of wilderness which overthrives all, of the ivy which sprouts out of the cold ground, restless climbs up the desolate wall, till it becomes aware of the sun, and then instantly again descends, longing with wide-reaching tendrils for the damp dusky depth. Yesterday the sky was blue, to-day ruby-died and emeraldly, and there in the west, where it covers the earth, it chases the light in saffron-garb out of its couch. For a moment desirous love may disport seeing whole nature slumbering soak. Yes, I feel it; when night falls in, every little root drinks, in each is an appetite, a desire for food, and this attractive power enforces the earth, which does not refuse to nourish every vital germ: and so lies in each flower-brow fanciful inspiration, that draws down out of the glittering star-droplets

dreams embracing it. Walk over a meadow's carpet in stillful star-fulgid night, there when thou dost bend down to the green, thou wilt perceive the millions of dream-visions, which crowd there, where one often borrows from the other whim, oddness and hues; there thou wilt feel, that this dream world soars up into the bosom of the adverting one and mirrors itself in thy spirit as revelation; yes, the beauteous flower of thought has a root, this sucks nurture from the warm, hidden soil of senses, and ascends up to the divine light, to which it opens its eye and drinks it, and wafts its perfume to it; yes, the spirit-flower longs for nature and God, as does every earth-flower.

FRAGMENTS

from letters written in Goethe's summer-house.

Anno 18.

To-day I have seen thee but for a few moments and methinks the whole of life is awanting to tell thee all. Music and art and language; all I gently might sway to explain myself therein.

I long for inspiration; — Thou art for what I long! — Love strives to be inbosomed within thee, it will feel itself within the depths of thy spirit.

Thy presence agitates me as my heart feels the possibility of giving thee a presentiment of my longing.

Thy nearness changes all without and within; that the breath thou respirest, mingles with the air which also my bosom drinks, that makes it the element of a higher world; so the walls which surround thee are magnetic; — The mirror which catches thy shape, the light-

beams which graze thee, thy seat, all has a magic; — thou art gone, but this remains and fills thy place — I lie down on the ground where thy feet were standing, on this spot, on no other do I feel well! — Is that a fancy? — Tears I feel within my breast, thus to think of thee, as I think now, and this sadness is voluptuousness to me; in it I feel myself raised above the whole terrestrial life, and that is my religion. — Certainly, the beloved is the element of my future life, in which it engenders itself, in which it lives and nurses itself. — Oh! had I spirit! — had I *that*, what mysteries would I impart thee!

Revelation is the only want of the spirit; for the sublimest is ever the onliest want.

Spirit can only be struck by revelation; or rather: all becomes revelation of it.

Thus spirit must imparadise itself. — Nothing without the spirit. — Heaven and bliss within it. How far must inspiration ascend till it raises itself to heaven! —

When the whole life becomes the element of spirit, then it has power over heaven.

The key to the higher life is love, it prepares for freedom; freedom is spirituous life.

Thinking is inspiration of freedom.

He has spirit or is spirituous, who recovers himself. Inspiration insists, that man recover himself. When thou inspiritest me, thou demandest thyself from me, and my inspiration tends to give thee to thyself. — True love bestows the beloved on himself. — How very true is that, as I can only think thyself, and yet must bestow all thoughts on thee.

What is: to love? — The warder aloft calls out the nigh morning-hour. The brisk mind slumbering presages the coming day, it breaks forth from its dream-world into the young day's inarmings of light. *That* is love's power, that all is reality that before was a dream; and that a divine spirit enlightens life to him awoke within love, as does the young day to him awoke out of the dream-world.

Love is comprehending, and that is possessing.

When the seed lies in the earth, it requires

earth; once stirred up to life, it would die if taken out of it.

Within the earth seed first changes into life, and in germinating earth first becomes spirit. —

When thou lovest, thou urgest forth to light as does the seeds that were hidden within the earth. —

Why does nature hide the seed within the lap of earth, ere she releases its life forth to light? — Life also lies in the hidden lap of the spirit. ere in the germ of love it comes to light. — The soil from which love germinates is mystery.

Mystery is of fantasy the instinct. He whose spirit is endowed with this instinct, has the arable land for the germ of love.

Fantasy is the free art of truth.

And here powerful thoughts could be imparted, did not weariness overcome me, I must be content that I feel how, in slumber, fantasy becomes mediator between heavenly wisdom and earthly spirit.

Every thought has wings and flies to him who prompts it, every breath a thought, flying to

the beloved; only what loves, is thought and flies — yes, thoughts are spirituous birds.

Were I not in bed I would write more, but my pillow draws me down.

In thy garden it is so beautiful! — All my thoughts are bees — they rush in through the window from thy fragrant garden, that I opened to let them in; there they deposit their honey, which they have gathered in thy garden full of blossoms. — And though it be late, and past midnight, yet they still arrive one by one, and hum around me, and wake me from sleep; — and the bees of thy garden and the bees of thy spirit hum in concert about me.

Love is comprehending, beauty is the mystery of this comprehension, and so deep is this mystery, that it imparts itself to none but the loving one; do believe it, nobody knows the mystery of thee as I do; that means: nobody loves thee as I love thee.

Again a little bee! — "*Thy beauty is thy life*" — it wanted to hum more, but the wind drove it back out of the window again.

That in thy garden I sleep for a night, that indeed is a great event in my life; thou hast spent here many a glorious hour, alone and with friends, and now I am alone here musing on all, — and I gaze on all this in my mind. — Alas! and as to-day, before I entered the lone silent house, I still ascended the mountain to the uppermost tree, overgrown with such a manifold verdure all managed by thy hand, spreading its branches sheltering over the stone, on which is engraved the vow of remembrance! — There on the summit I stood quite alone, the moon-light stole gently through the foliage; I searched for the letters carved in the bark. Alas, good night! —

If I steal any longer the dreams from sleep, then my thoughts will become foam*).

*) German proverb: Träume sind Schäume: dreams are foams.

* * *

There above I saw thy house illumined. I thought: if by this light thou awaitedst me, and if I traced down the cool moonlit-path with so well prepared a heart, and stepped in to thee, how friendly thou wouldst receive me. Till I was come down, my fancy imposed upon me, that thou couldst possibly be there, and though I was persuaded that this light burnt alone within my solitary closet (for I had indeed kindled the light myself) yet I timidly opened the door; and as I became aware of this silent loneliness, — on the table the dried plants, the stones and fossils, and the butterflies; and the awful gloom that played with the rays of the lamp! – and as I entered there, I remained leaning on the door, and first took breath.

And now I lie on this little couch to sleep, the bed is hard, only a straw-sack and a woollen blanket, and to cover myself a gray quilt worked with flowers, and none knows that I pass this night here, but thou alone.

Terrestrial youth is unconscious; it bursts from the bud, its disclosing is its aim. Consciousness of youth is rather supersensual youth.

In *thee* I am conscious of my youth. I behold them all, the golden days I lived within thee, crowned each of them with wondrous blossoms; proud, loftily pacing along with ardent-brisk spirit; untouched, chaste, flying before vulgarity into higher regions. A mild light irradiates them, it is the evening-light of thy life. Alas! and to-day is also one of them, it joins the array of the expired ones, majestic! triumphant! — though I am alone here in the deserted house, not ready for my reception — the traces of the past winter are still here.

Spirit dives into youth as into ocean; youth becomes its element, in it spirit becomes love. Youth gets the spirit suitable to eternity which is eternal youth.

I believe in thy presence within this solitary chamber, I believe that thou hearken'st to me, that thou dost advert to me; I speak with thee; thou askest and I reply.

Every one aspires after youth, because the want of spirit is development in love.

After having slept a little while:

Nothing is strange to genius, all is element to him. In love one is genius to the other, and one becomes element to the other.

Thou art my element, within thee I can flutter with my wings, and this is solely comprising, solely sensing, solely having thee.

Though thou mayest a thousand times long out of thyself, thou never wilt recover thyself, unless by effusing thyself into an other; thou never wilt be in an other, unless he be in thee.

Thinking beholds and touches, it is most sensuous contact with the mind of the bethought one.

When spirit changes into music, then philosophy becomes sensation.

Again and again I have wrapt myself in this grey quilt, and when I want to sleep, I must stretch forth my hand to write a line.

Is it true, that there is a magic of life which

begets itself by dint of self-enlightening? who then would stand out of the circle of its spell? —

Good night! — at thy feet I shall sleep it away.

Yes! — I will believe that thou art here; and will not stretch my hand out to reach thee, not to frighten thee from me, — and yet thou touchest me, — the air changes — the glimmering of the lamp — the shadows — every thing gets intimation.

* * *

August 28th.*)

This day we pass over in silence. To me thou art from ever. Who would disown that the stars dominate us? — thou wert complying to their influence, and so they elevated thee to themselves. I know all! secretly they dispose thee, that thou must be favourable to me: I behold within thy look, thou art content of me,

*) The 28th of August! Goethe's birth-day.

thou sayest nought, thou closest thy lips as firmly as if thou wert afraid, they would talk against thy will. Goethe! it is enough to me what thy look utters, also when it does not rest upon me. Yesterday, as I stood behind thee and rustled with the paper, thou look'dst around; indeed I became aware of it, I got softly out and did not quite shut the door, I saw thee seize the letter and then went away — I would not watch thee any longer; a flitting shiver came o'er me as I weened, thou wouldst now read what I had shaped to thee last night. — How rapturing, Goethe! — to think, now he accepts of these wheedling speeches, now his mind friendly regrants what I have invented for him. It is beauteous what I say to thee, love-spirits they are that speak with thee, they jubilant enwheel thy head.

Wilt thou know how my fancy shapes thee to me to-day as on thy birth-day? — on the ocean-shore, on the golden throne-chair, in the white woollen garb, the purple spread beneath thy feet; from afar the white sails studding the high sea, swelling in the

gale, flying briskly past each other; and thou in morning-light reposing, crowned with sacred foliage; but myself I behold at thy feet, with the clear flood I had drawn from the sea to wash them. — So in a thousand fictions I ween myself in thy service, and it is as if this were the ripening of my existence.

* * *

Hast thou ever looked into the disk of the setting sun, when, his rays more mildly beaming, a sharp eye is no longer overpowered by his glance? — hast thou then beheld, how his own shape loosens itself from him, and plunges into the red flood beneath the horizon, and after this image still an other in gentle refractions, still dying in other hues? — my soul, when the mighty splendour of thy full apparition no longer dazzles so strong, and the far weaves soft veils around thee, beholds such images darting from thee one after the other; they all plunge

into my inspiration as into the glowing bosom of nature, and I cannot satiate myself in this affluence of beauteousness.

* * *

September 3d.

So weary as I was late at eve, and so fast as I slept at early morn, I have not wrote since three days. Thou hast not asked after me all this time; so this evening I came into thy garden, and on this seat I muse that thou dost forget me. The birds are already used that I sit here so immoveably still. How odd is it here in the strange land! — hither I came to this derelicted spot, to sink deeply into myself; then I behold images, remembrances of earlier days, which join with to-day*). To-day as at morning-dawn they made music before the roman house**), and as the Duke

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*) The third of Sept.: birth-day of the Duke of Weimar.

**) The summer-palace of the Duke.

came out and the great dogs impatiently hastened on before the people and sprang up to his neck — it seemed to me so very solemn, as he friendly resigned himself to their rude caresses and nodded beyond them to the crowd who saluted him with great shouts. Then suddenly thou dividedst them and the exulting redoubled at thy appearance. — To view the two friends walking to and fro, elevated in mind and benevolence, that was a solemn aspect for the people and they all whispered to one another: *what a seldom couple!* And many glorious things were spoken of ye both, and each of your movements was observed: *"he smiles! — he turns! — the Duke leans on him! they shake hands! — now they sit down!"* — so the people awfully repeated all that passed between you; — ah, by right, for from your *both* united love emanated their happiness; *that* they all know; and while you were conversing, the crowd stood in profound silence, as if the bliss of centuries was to be called down upon them. — I also Goethe! — I believe that you both as beings of a higher order are endowed with

the power of securing bliss to futurity: for in the Duke's mind benevolence has long been matured to a sweet fruit — *that* thyself hast said — and thy spirit streams forth light — light of wisdom which is mercy and makes all thrive.

As thou wert gone, the Duke bid me come to him, he asked if thou hadst seen and greeted me, this I must deny, for alas, thou hadst overseen me. Dost thou still remember that birthday? — On the evening, when I stood leaning behind the pillar? — thou soughtst after me with thy look, and thou foundst me also. Alas, how it made my heart glow, as I watched thy spying look; then thou reachedst me thy glass, that I might drink from it, and none of the others was aware of it. — Many days have past since, to-day I am alone; there lies thy house; I could go to thee and see thee face to face, yet I prefer here alone in thy garden to conjure thee: "*help me to think thee, to feel thee;*" my faith is my wand, with it I create my world, out of its charm all is strange to me, and I have no doubt that in it alone I really live. My thinking is mira-

culous: I speak with thee; I look into thee! — my prayer is that I may strengthen my will to think of thee.

* * *

In Goethe's garden.

The whole world around lightened by one sun! thyself alone enlightened within me, all else in darkness! — How it inflames love, when light shines upon one object alone.

Such were thy words yesterday: "I should write to thee, if even it were folios, it would never be too much for thee." Ay! and yet thou knowest, my language comprises but a small extent of knowledge. That although I imagine to shape each time anew, what I have to tell thee, yet it is ever the same; and for thee? — is it not too much for thee? — I have tried like a mole to dig through my own heart, and had a mind to discover there a treasure, lightening in the dark,

I would have brought that up to thee, but in vain. They are no mighty things I have to tell thee, they are nought but sweetly to confess, and irresistible are these noughts. Why, caresses consist in imparting. — When thou dost couch upon the bank of the rillet amongst fragrant herbs and libella with its crystal-eyes sits down on thee, it fans thy lips with its flapping wings, dost thou become angry with it? — If a little beetle crawls up thy clothes and at last strays into thy bosom, dost thou call that too presumptuous? — this little creature, so unconscious of the throbbing heart beneath its little feet; — and I — conscious of this enhanced measure of thy feelings, am I to blame that I intrude upon thy heart? — behold! that is all I have to tell thee. The evening-breezes swiftly skim o'er the grass down to me, who am sitting at the foot of thy hill, musing how I shall fill up for thee those folios.

* * *

Do I think of thee, then I may not tarry on the ground. Anon Psyche agitates her wings, she feels the earthly weight, she feels herself entangled in much that is strange to her celestial calling; *this* gives pain, *this* makes woeful.

The light of wisdom only shines within ourselves. What is not inly revelation will never bear the fruits of recognition. The soul comes to meet herself in the beloved, she finds and embraces herself in the beloved; thus I find myself in thee! — What more blissful can happen to me? — and is it a wonder that I embrace thy knees? — I might impart thee all I have learned from thee. — Were the spirit what the word can rehearse, idea would occupy a small region. There is also somewhat else spirit, as what may be caught in the net of language. Spirit is all into itself transforming life; love also must become spirit. My spirit is ever anxious to transplant this

love into itself, out of this my immortal life shall and must rise or I shall sink.

* * *

The sun sinks! — its purple awning spreads over thy garden. I sit here alone and overlook the path which thou hast guided through these meadows; they are all deserted, nowhere walks *one;* so lonely it is, and so quiet till far off; and so long have I already waited till all should be silent, then I would recover my senses to speak with thee, and now I feel myself so disheartened here in the almighty stillfulness. — The bird in the hedge I have startled, the bell-flowers sleep, the moon and the evening-star wink each other; whither shall I turn? — The tree in whose bark thou hast carved many a name, I have quitted and I am gone down to the house-door, and leaned my brow on the latch which thy hand how often, has lifted, and thou hast sat there in joyousness with thy friends, and many a lonely hour too thou

hast spent there. Thou alone with thy genius hast not felt the awe of solitude, gloriously triumphing in the strife between sense and inspiration, these silent evenings have passed away. Oh Goethe, what dost thou think of my love, which so eternally rushes on to thee like the flood dashing on the shore, and would speak to thee, and can say nought but only sigh — Yes! — what dost thou think my love desires? — myself often as awaking from a dream, am surprised that the power of such a dream controls me. But soon again I stoop under the shady roof of its arches and bend to its lisping, and let my senses be overcome by the wing-rushing of unknown spirits! — divine will I be! — divine and grand like thee, free, above the haunt of man I will stand, only within thy light, understood only by thee. — Arrows will I shoot: — thoughts! — *thee* they shall hit and no one else, thou shalt prove their point, and by this secret intercourse my senses shall thrive; bold, strong, brisk and joyous shall be those vital-spirits, for ever ascending, not sinking, streaming towards their generator.

* * *

It is night, I write in star-light. — Wisdom is like a tree which spreads its boughs throughout the firmament; the golden fruits, which adorn its foliage are stars. When a desire comes up to taste the fruits of the tree of wisdom, how may I attain these golden fruits? — The stars are worlds, they say; — is not the kiss also a world? — and is the star larger to thine eye than the ambit of a kiss? — and is the kiss less to thy feeling than the embracing of a world? — why? wisdom is love! and its fruits are worlds, and he who feels a world in a kiss, deceives himself not, to him a ripe fruit, a star matured in the light of wisdom has sunk into his bosom. But *he,* friend! — who is nourished by such celestial food, is he still esteemed to be in his wits? —

Now I go to sleep, the stillfulness of night, the lone time is spent by Psyche to come forth to thee. Often dream leads her to thee, she finds

thee crossed perchance by a thousand thoughts none of which mentions her. But she lowers her wings, and kisses the dust of thy feet till thy look bends down upon her.

* * *

Still it is early; the nightingale sweetly replies to the stillful night, and the lark dew-immersed, sleeps in its nest on the ground. — Rather to be the nightingale, who gives not his nights to sleep in his nest. — While his little wife sits hatching its brood: he on the next full-blown tree tells love-stories to the moon and stars, and greets the driving clouds with sighs, that call through the waving groves and the ringing vales. — Thou also like the little nightingale-she, hatchest thy brood, whilst I, fancy's poor deluded child, warble my wild and ardent notes to the moon through the nubiferous gales that bring her a cloud-cap or a beard and again snatch it away. — I only want to

share in the brood of thy nest, else we were a nightingale-couple. Thou dost write books of which I have no mind, thou dost write for all the world, not for me alone, but I write alone for thee; — I would also sit on the pleasant bough of my fullblown tree, not too nigh that my night-warbling not shake thine ear, yet I would, a nightly gale bore through the waving groves and ringing dales my nightly lays, so soft, so clear, and so deep out of my breast to the too too distant friend. — But when the sun-spying lark upsoars, with shrilling shouts to silence the nightingale, and buoyant catches the morning-balm over the clouds, then I sooner would be the lark, jubilant to relate, what the nightingale groaningly confessed. Would the sun come, would it go, a charm leads through my senses, with the first beam that darts on my couch, higher than the lark in towering ditties to exult in thy glory or amid the flaring stars, in sharp and deep harmonical sounds to overtune the nightingale's love-sighing tune.

* * *

Here on this hill my world I do survey!
Down to the vale with verdure soft o'ergrown,
Cross'd by the path that leads beyond, thereon,
The white house mid the height in sunny ray,
On what with joy does here my fancy prey?

Here on this hill my world I do survey!
Tho' I would climb the countries' steepest brow,
Where man can see prows sailing to and fro,
And towns afar and near the mountains proud array,
It would not lure from here my eye to stray.

Here on this hill my world I do survey!
And tho' a Paradise were to be seen,
Yet I would *ever* long for yonder tufted green,
Whereof thy roof before my gaze does stay —
For this alone inwraps my world for aye.

Auf diesem Hügel überseh ich meine Welt!
Hinab in's Thal, mit Rasen sanft begleitet,
Vom Weg durchzogen, der hinüber leitet,
Das weifse Haus inmitten aufgestellt,
Was ist's worin sich hier der Sinn gefällt?

* * *

Rhymed and unrhymed I tell thee the same, and thou art not tired with listening; here in the dusk when the sinking day borrows light from the rising moon, I sit on the bench, delighted to survey my world in twilight; a few moments since, all was lying in sun-light, then I was not easy whether to go or stay. Now the moon is up, I know that I shall remain; *in her light I recognize my world*, her beams in-

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Auf diesem Hügel überseh ich meine Welt!
Erstieg ich auch der Länder steilste Höhen,
Von wo ich könnt' die Schiffe fahren sehen
Und Städte fern und nah von Bergen stolz umstellt,
Nichts ist's was mir den Blick gefesselt hält.

Auf diesem Hügel überseh ich meine Welt!
Und könnt' ich Paradiese überschauen,
Ich sehnte mich zurück nach jenen Auen
Wo Deines Daches Zinne meinem Blick sich stellt,
Denn der allein umgrenzet meine Welt.

volve me into its magic limits, and whatever incredible I deem true, she does not disown it like sun-light, doatingly she woos into the valley's bosom, and I clearly perceive, nature loves the moon, and the moon is inclined to nature.

Were I to thee what to the moon is nature, who vivifying plays within her pulses, emits soft airs as harbingers, lays down the western-breezes' seed-fledged pinions in the dew-wet soil, rouses its begetting strength to her frugiferous darts, then my whole being would but accept of thy beauty. Many blossoms open to her view, many disporting speeches flow from my lips to thee; many dew-drops glitter in her light, many tears of joy are treasured under thy influence.

* * *

The converse of yesterday on the bench in thy moon-lit garden; between thee and me a tree full of glorious blossoms, forth-streaming electrical fire into the cool night, and from the breeze-moved branches slowly whirling adown on thy brow and mine, and adown in the luxurious blooming herb around; also our words from the love-moved lips whirled adown in the lone night-stillness around.

Within thy bosom I would sleep away my whole life. — *A bud of future blossom hidden in my bosom.* — Ay! a bud hidden in thy inmost core, so closely folded, so beauteously, so happily thronged therein. — *What could more inly, more abscondedly be embodied than this germ of future blossom?* — Alas! thou knowest my behest. — *From others to be hid and not unfelt by me.* — Ay! hid in *thy* breast, where their prejudices not reach me, and flow away over me as the surges flow away over the deepest ground; deep in that ground I would live impassionated with thy di-

vine nature, and all that passes in thy outer life, I would sleep it away within thy bosom, and the dreams of thy earthly fate should never harm me, they would not touch me within thy breast, though they might sometimes bedew my love with tears as the clouds bedew the sleeping buds; yet I should feel as fast rooted in thee, not to be dismissed with my red cheeks, brown hair, fiery glance and panting lips, passing away as the evening-red passes; — nay! — thou eternally wouldst accept of my love; — wouldst thou not? — — why wouldst thou not speak? — *I hearken to thee.* — But when I pause, why answer not? — *A pause also is music.*

* * *

When I said yesterday, the pause in music were the conductor of all musical spirits; and that no more than one pause, like the ruler ascends the throne when its forgoer's sway has died away, then thou hast laughed at these fan-

cies and absurdities, though wouldst have me explained what is the pause. — In my pensiveness I had rather strange visions of it, I never could lay hold on them, for never to be caught is peculiar to the pause. It urges forth as in a deep dale a well, where the tunes resort to drink, for musical spirits always are thirsty; and having drunk they soar aloft, never they remain on the ground; soon to the well they return to drink; then flapping the air with buoyant wings, shrilling or sighing, roaring or whistling they one above the other bear their ditties into the cool ether, from where their thirst again leads them in the valley to the well of the pause. The deeper the well forth-springs, the sweetlier they become bousy by the draught; the more ebriety wafts them aloft, the more ardently for the well they pant; till once peering above the stars, they do not return; for all will return there above, by their own inspiration again to be found; the tunes gulping from the well are silence-drunken; — and this is the pause swaying music: with silence to inebriate the tunes.

Thou art the deepest well! — from thee I drink silence into my soul; in mine ear to hearken thee, in mine eyes to behold thee, and on my lips to taste thee; and my senses all with my breath, gloriously wafted soar on by this drunkness with thee. — Ay, drunken with the pause-inspirited, tuneful art of thy voice, of thy lyre which in all inarming feelings wafts among and over the stars, luxuriously expanding across the silence-pausing skies.

Lo! that is the draught which yesterday I drew in that well of thy own wisdom, when I was inebriated with drinking the silence of thy spirit.

* * *

Pause, for the spirit is space to regenerate; — to be sensuous of its calm, is to accept of its procreative power; in it, aspiring germs devolve, move and become independent — grow spirit. — No other improvement than spirit, no free-

dom, no heaven. no space but spirit alone. — Pause is space, is spirit unuttered, the well whose draught inspirits music.

Music is spirit imbodied, is sensual expansion of spirit.

He who is sensuous of music, is sensually touched by the spirit.

* * *

Heaven has space only in the spirit. — Spirit frames celestial space; the larger it expands, the larger heaven expands. Heaven is not severed from temporal life by an abyss that in death we overleap; Heaven immediately begins where we first feel impelled for the conception of the divine. By learning to conceive the divine: forthsprings the germ of heaven. — As God has created from nought the world: an egg out of which immortality creeps forth; Pause is that sphere of nought, out of which in consciousness of inspiration the immortal germ of life creeps forth.

* * *

I thank thee that thou wert come; the sky was so grey and dim, I looked out into the far, I thought it would overtake me as the weather, when spare tears dropped from the clouds, and the sky was heavy and sad and looked more gloomy as if it had much rained. — Then thou camest. — Thou hast said nothing of farewell, and hast troubled me, for the complaint was on my lips, — nay, it was fairer, not to say farewell; — not *thou* and *I*. — How have I spent this time? — too happy! to be nigh to thee, blessed every breath of mine; this I do call celestial air, — and thou? — have I not displeased thee? — Ah, do not trouble me, forget what would not agree with thee, when sometimes, too eagerly, I did not understand thy gentle hints. My ardent frame of mind lays no claim to thee, it is like music which also requires no earthly possession, but it attunes the hearkening mind to sympathy, to echo; yes! may it resound

for a while within thy ear, within thy heart, all that I dared tell thee. Passion is music, a phenomenon of sublimest powers, not without but most deeply within us, it guides us to meet with your ideal self, for whose sake the spirit is innate within the body: this *self* which alone can raise passions, can shape and form them. Man will be bred by inspiration, the whole earthly life is then to this spiritual one, as the soil is to the fruit-grain, that springs up, a thousandfold to yield.

* * *

Only eternity realizes, for what once shall decay, may it straightly decay, to-day or to-morrow, that is the same; but love bears all to the heavenly realm, love is all-comprising, all-pervading like the sun, and yet it propitiates every spiritual charm to be possessed of itself, secluded in itself, intrusted with itself; it engages the spirit to seize peculiarity in a peculiar way. Thus love deals with me, in thee *I* become master of

my spirit, — and thou? — the lucid green which the tree sprouts forth in renewed vernal strength, bears witness that the sun darts far into its pith. — And thou art recreated by this love! art thou not? —

* * *

He who sees thee with bodily eyes and sees thee not through love, does not see thee, thou only appearest through love to the love-conjuring spirit. The more ardent, the more racy the exorcism: the more glorious thy appearance, and the more potent thy influence. Dear friend! to my exorcism thou hast most intimately presentiated thyself; in every thought I have involved thee as in a magic round, and whatever may be its tenor, thou managest it thoroughly and abidest in every shape which my spirit does pronounce. —

* * *

It is true, magic is magic; it abrogates its own self, and therefore they deny its reality; they believe what has a sensual body only is real; and to them understanding must serve but as a sensual soil. But the work of God is magic: the love in our breast, immortality, freedom, are magical engenderings of God; they are only maintained within us by the power of his conjuration, his breath is their life, they are our element and in it we eternalize ourselves, and though enchantment may vanish into nothing, how easily! — yet it is the only base of reality, for it is the efficiency of the divine spirit.

The innating of the divine nature into earthly life and its dying into innate pain is of conjuration the magic spell.

Pain lies in nature as the mighty transition from nought into magical life.

Life is pain, but as we have only as much life as our spirit supports, we are indifferently

aware of this pain which is life; for if our spirit was strong, then the strongest pain would be the highest delight.

In my love, be it farewell or welcome, my spirit ever floats between delight and pain, for thou strengthenest my spirit and yet it can hardly brook it. Transition into the divine is ever woeful, yet it is life.

All appropriation in spirit is painful, all what we learn and perceive gives us pain in gaining it; as soon as it has been received in us, it has enhanced our spirit and enabled it to penetrate life more vigorously, and what before gave us woe, that we now enjoy.

* * *

Wisdom inhales and exhales life, we live in wisdom, not out of it. Consciousness is of wisdom the breath, wisdom forth breathes thee to nourish my senses.

He who is sensuous of wisdom, his thoughts

* * *

Art valiantly spiritualizes sensual life. This toilsome endeavour, so deeply founded within us, freely to learn create, for future life produces the germ of higher organisation. What by energie concentration of all spirituous faculties *art* produces, once by instinct evolves in the mind and body of a transfigurated life.

In this life the spirit only is fermenting, in a future life to be created a sensual body, animated by love. Spirit is of a transfigurated existence the sensual life. This striving, moving, longing and searching of the human spirit, to replenish every form here on earth, is a fermenting to ripen into supernal life. Therefore the indefatigable endeavour for higher accomplishment; therefore our enjoyment also of the meanest, that with consciousness and by instinct of truth succeeds in art.

Sensual life is impregnated with spirit, to forthbring it into supernal life.

* * *

That is of fiction the marvellous art, practised by love, to presentiate the ideal man — the genius of the beloved. — Love between the genius of the beloved and the loving remains mystery, for none understands the genius but only the loving. —

These lines I write to thy genius and would, he gave me answer. — I trace thy genius, thou also tracest him, for the poet, in love only minds his own genius. So fate has disposed of us both in thine own self to meet together. — Thou hast said: *he who would be wrested from his own genius were undone; but genius were immortality; man could lose the conscience of it, but never part with it; and he who had faith in his own genius, ever would be in the reach of his supernal strength.* — My genius also playingly evolves of fancy the marvellous strength; how often my fiction becomes clear consciousness of the beloved, should not this have everlasting re-

sult? — as each temporal propension has its event? —

The intercourse between thee and me forthbrings spirits. Thoughts are spirits, my love is the hatching-warmth for the spirit's offspring. The thoughts love thee, they are in thy behalf; man has thoughts to be bred by them. The whole spirit-universe is only to eternalize man. Eternity is not an everlasting course of life, it is the unconceived of supernal spirit, to be conceived by mankind spirit, and everlasting to be born to light.

Ay! love only would mind the genius, as it would last for aye; and my love like the striving of all life, ardently endeavours for a higher one. It wants to be inbosomed in that future life of thine and spent in that higher complexion of thine, and enhanced to quite joyous enlivening of thine.

* * *

The volunte, love is impregnated with, is germ, is indication of truth; what could ever prevent its unfolding? — and then, where should the wonder be at an end? — as wonder is supernal life.

In this world commutual life is the element for to organize a future life, notwithstanding what man living together expert by the story of daily life; also the web of the influencies on one another is that element by which be framed our future organisation. What in a future existence becomes spirituous strength and instinct to evolve in higher faculties, that begets itself by relation and conception in the element of this world. — When I see the little birds build their nest or also the spider its web, then I must believe that by influence of an earlier existence they might have gained faculties which now are born an instinct into sensual life, and that likewise all what we gain by art once as instinct of divine faculties shall evolve in a higher life.

* * *

Often when I saw the red-glowing tops of Tyrol and could not conjure my anxiety, and could not brook to think of their despair; then I had this vision of their joyant glory, going into death, that God bestowed on them, by struggling to enhance their sensual strength into a divine nature. — What we gain by our own valiance, that becomes our own; it devolves that divine power to beget itself within us, like as God engenerates him by himself. For otherwise it cannot be as that we become God. — For, that we endeavour aloft, of that we are conscious; — for sensual life strives out of us into divine life; — where should this striving end? — where be satiated? —

Why exults the heart of the warrior? why does the brave, the noble not shun in the ardency of combat to kill — a man's life, cheered by love, to which every day God blows in his breath? — Whence this glorious inspiration of

combat which fears not, feels itself enhanced with the flowing blood, gushed by the own grand mind. — And on the remembrance of daring, of perseverance, of victory, reposing as on the sweetest laurels! — Were it not a divine spark, begetting itself in the human mind? — and is not one single moment of the divinity in us an eternity in itself? and is not each low instigation a germ of eternity? — all what is received in a higher sense, is like the fruit-seated field, soaking the sun-beams; inspiration soaks divine light, the eternal power to enliven the starving senses. Spirit, enjoyment, strength, faculties, all must be fructified with the divine; man must be divine, else he were not at all.

Lo! — as the sun-beam ripening the fruit is a mirror-shape of that hallowing inspiration which everlasting repairs man anew, not to forsake future divinity; also that inspiration for combat where the highest, *human life*, is pledged, is the mirror-shape of that contest for eternity, where the highest, *spirit's life*, too is pledged to struggle for the hereditary divine right. — And so I have

often calmed my despair of the Tyrolese hero Hofer, and all the others, when I thought that they pledged here their earthly life for a divine nature gained by this victorious struggling.

Ay Goethe! take care of this, that like the young unripe fruit, ere it becomes matured by the darting sun, also man ere his disposition has become Will, is only passive, and God, darting his maturing light on him, is active. But here, ripening with inspiration for all that is comprised in life, armed with maturity of free will, man is active and God is passive; and that is to gain freedom by our own self.

* * *

When I was born, thou wast long ago, and when I saw thee first, then the strength of all thy mental faculties corradiated into mine, and may be, they begot in me that instinct for higher faculties. — And that may be the everlastingness

of love, from life to life to be born into a higher instinct for higher perfectness. And of all that will become grand, the germ must be love; and to him who'll ask what will become of my love, I'll answer: "it is a celestial germ rooted within me, once springing up into supernal life, endowed with all, my love aims at.

* * *

What were to me the present without the past? — should I not know once, *that thou wast who now is*, — what of me? — what do I want, having lived the past? — What I have lived, never parts from me; the more I confide in the past, the more devoted I feel to the present. — Love only passes through life to forth-bring itself into eternity. — All is dream in life; when life is past, dream is past. — Love only passes through dream, a veracious life into eternity. — He in whom love awakes, will not avale in the drowsiness of earthly inconsequence.

Nor do I feel a home in this lethargic existence. — That I love, is the real existence I awake in, when I am alone thinking or weening; and with me fly the Gods into this lonely pensiveness, there to ensphere my senses and inspirit them with that prophetic look which not by way of life comes to meet with us, — but from higher spheres transcendently sinks adown into love's presence, and again, when from love we swerve, ascends to heaven. — *Thou for me* art such an unknown, lone receptacle, where from heaven futurity comes down, wholly to swoop the present.

As I was still so very young, like a young clear-limbered stem beneath the wood-borne oaks, bending its gold-leaved branchery to the gale. Ay! when young life was still so pliant and so flattering and so passionless, then I faced of futurity the most delicious prospect. How rich, how pure, how marvellous were the plans of this spring! Were my dreams large enough to comprise all? — so closely blended with each other weening and

thought, feeling and inspiration, — still the mind and body not out-grown its bud! — At that time I fancied my whole happiness shrunk to the midst of the forest, in the small hut, with the ivy and the eglantine creeping along its walls, hidden by powerful oaks, that allowed the sun only when noon-tide heralded him, to peep in all the secret verdant nooks. There I'd dwell, aloof and unknown to men, only the grand, the slender one, of lofty gait, black hair and black sharp brows, with ripe lips and sweet talk, with daring look — ay! — how may I describe him beauteously enough and more than all the others? — he alone should know the furtive way to the hut; abscondedly winding through bushes and thorns, fulgent in the purple-dawn, with his brow sweeping aside the boughs that shake their dew 'pon him, there every brake, every shrup he would pry; and would find me at length at the rill that showed in its mirror the shape of the beloved one that I to him would be; and then I *was* to him that beloved one, and all the delight I was, his ardent heart might ever have asked for;

so charmingly these sweet reveries kept me fettered in deep thought, that none could swerve me out of them, nor inlease me in such feelings to make the hearts throb for each other; but when in the evening-breeze I briskly drove across the park, and the fire of the setting sun pierced through the loop holes of the bushes, like of many a spear the darting flash, to hem me in my wild career, then glowed my cheeks and violently throbbed my heart with feeling love-inspirited, and my features emitting glorious beauty from it.

When early in the morning I sauntered along the wood, down I dropped on the dewy grass and pored on all I saw, and numbered the little pearls that hung at the halms and in the flower-cups. Wandering home not unsatisfied, no! with exulting far beyond the daily life events, I felt possessed of secret delight which none could guess, and my converse with men was an unconsciously playing irony.

What would men have deemed this, had they known of it? foolishness, madness, total

foolishness! — and yet it was a heavenly pedagogy, it was of spirits the mystic relations with me, that like electrical sparks ran fermenting through whole life to leap over its brim into a celestial element. —

When now I sing that song of thine, where the lover leaving the wood-cottage, praises the beauteous night, and however would give a thousand such only for one given by his sweetheart who there dwells, then I bethink me at times amidst the same forest where I so sweetly mused; still weening myself in the little moon-glanced bed, with the delights of farewell within my heart. — And now, as I know thee, I think that a propitious demon should then to my fancy have lent those lineaments of thy youth-time, that my love might comprise thy whole life. — Be friendly, pray, to these fancies of mine, it is so sweet an earnest in their wooing thy favour. Nay, hear me, there is no behest I ask of thee, but what the spirits *will* to bestow 'pon me.

* * *

Love is of a supernal nature the lofty pregnancy; the more pure the fire, our spirituous organism will be nurtured with, the more grand and pure the spirituous race will be framed in us. And as in a noble born man, even by the most degenerated fate his race never will be denied by his instinct. Thus also in this sensual spirit-relation to a future life, mostly by instinct will be comprehended what organizes spirit for a higher complexion; and for thee it is not a problem, that an instinct of that higher race in me bore me towards thee in love; and as a spring of water glides through the hidden bosom of the earth, and secretly throngs to nourish the roots of herbs and flowers, thy spirit throngs to the roots of all my thoughts, breathing in them that instinct for a higher life.

* * *

Genius is the encroaching, voluptuousness-guessing, thirsting instinct; its impulse vanquishes the slothful timorousness and ever incites the spirit to new energy. — The more passionate the genius is in man, the more impellent is happiness within him; the more powerfully he strives to vanquish, then the more secure he is of being satisfied; — thus thou hast affirmed to me. — In my love to thee I am in suspense between this timorous pain and genial eagerness to vanquish the indolence of my spirit and feel bliss. Sometimes the spirit feels itself sadly derelicted, even a trifle occupying the place of this enthusiastic inspiration, and then all its fervency is vanished. But how could I brook this? If God has summoned me forth from nought, if he has formed my being as a pure claim on bliss, then I shall acquire bliss, in the magic of love; and by want, by divinely impregned longing for beauteousness, genius ever and anon upbears his weary wings faithfully and firmly to convey this heart to thy abode, with my soul

to feel thee, with my spirit to comprehend and profess thee, quite as thou art in thy essence.

And if all this be true what here I tell thee, and we may meet again in a higher life, think then, that my genius shall be a match for thine.

* * *

TO GOETHE.

March 22d 1832. *)

Here from the depths of the mountains I come uncalled for, unforeseen as often in former times upon thy path. In the Bohemian high-lands, where like a bird of prey I hung o'er thee on the jutting rocks, dost thou still remember? — and as I then climbed down quite chafed, my veins throbbing in my head, and thy hand wiped off the dust from the lashes of my eyes; and from my braided hair gathered the little sprigs and moss, and laid them softly down beside thee

*) written on the day of his death.

on the seat? — thou knowest of that no more. Multitudes have passed by thee, hailing thee with loud shouts of fame, they bore wreaths before thee, the banners they have flourished, kings have come and touched the skirts of thy mantle and brought thee golden vessels and laid chains of honour on thy free neck. Thou knowest no more that I planted all the gathered flowers, the wild herbs into thy bosom and laid my hand upon it to fix them there. Thou knowest no more of my hand withheld mid thy breast, and that thou calledst me the wild hop which would root there, to wind its tendrils growing up around thee, that nothing might be seen on thee but only the wild hop. Lo! in this double-wall of rock and mountain-depths, abides of echo the joyful call; lo! my breast is such an artfully framed doublewall, that ever and anon a thousand times the joyous shouts of so sweet a tale echoes across. Where should it end, this life of youthly mirth, that in my keeping is so safely housed and in enthusiasm the most pure is involved, as in the sweet nursing of my infant-time! — *Thy*

breath, in which the God immortality hath blown, in sooth, in me has blown the breath of inspiration. Be pleased to hear me sing once more the melodies of my fairest paths of life, and in the excited rhythm of momentary joy, where of spirit and sense the vital sources stream into each other, and so exalt each other, that not the experienced alone become sensible and visible, but the unvisible, unheard of, too be known and heard of.

Is it of drums and trumpets the jubilating chime which shakes the clouds? is it of harps and cimbals? — is it of thousand instruments the tumult, that at commando's call, disposing solves itself into the measure of pure strains, forms warbling shapes, pronounces accents of celestial influencies, penetrates into man's spirit, with hue and light espouses sense and mind? — is it this genial power, which running through the veins conjures the blood, the earthly to reject, to nurse, to bring forth of supernal love, of supernal light the genuine fruit? — is it not thou who hast consummated it in me, when it still fulgurates within my soul? — yes, it fulgurates

when I think of thee! — or is it only shalms, — museful and weening, only grazing phantasy, not espousing with its revelations, what I have to confide to these leaves? — whatever it be! — till into death this music of the first love may lead me. At thy feet I plant the bass, it shall pullulate a palm-grove for thee, to wander in its shades; all what of lovely and sweetly thou hast said to me, that shall whisper from twig to twig like soft carols of twittering birds; — be yon kisses, yon caresses between us, the honey-dropping fruits of this grove; but the element of my life: harmony with thee, with nature, with God, of whose lap arises the abundance of generation, upwards to light, into light, decaying in light — be that the torrent the most powerful, which encompasses this grove, to make it lonely with me and thee.

* * *

Dost thou still know as thou badst me come again in twilight? — Thou knowest nought — I

know all, I am the leaf etched with the remembrance of all blissfulness. Yes, I am of this remembrance the essence and am nothing else. — Nay, I went around thy house waiting for twilight, and when I came to the gate I thought: "if it might be dark enough already; and if thou mightst deem this to be twilight?" — and fearing to fail thy orders, I went once more round thy house, and when I then stept in, thou scoldedst me that I were come too late, since long it were dusky, thou hadst since long awaited me; then thou wouldst ask for a white woollen garment and put aside the day-dress and say: "*now as night is come down by waiting for thee, we will be quite nightly and comfortable; and most nicely lanuginous will I be to thee, for thou shalt to day confess to me.*" Then I stooped down on the ground between thy knees, and embraced thee, and thou me. Then thou saidst: "*do trust in me and tell me all what offered violence to thy heart; thou grantest that I never have betrayed thee; no word, no sound of what thy passion has raved to me has ever*

come o'er my lips; now tell me, for it is not possible, thy own heart all this time should have been without passion, tell me now who he was? — do I know him? — and how was it? — what hast thou more learned and experienced which made thee forget me?" —

Then dear friend, I spoke the truth, when I assevered thee that my heart had been quite at ease, that nought had touched me since then, for in that same moment before thee, all was but a weening, and a pale phantom the whole world, and in thy presence vanished all what had happen'd to me; in full consciousness I durst avouch me linked with thy beauty, for I looked in thy face. But thou by all means wouldst know the story which in vain I tried to invent, for I was rather ashamed that no love-story had happened to me. Now I thought of one and began: once I walked as in a dream, now I am awake again; here in moon-light on thy bosom I know who I am and what thou art to me, how I belong ever to thee and never to another, as thou fascinatest me! — but once" — and then I began my love-story.

And thou, most glorious one, didst not suffer me to speak on, and criedst: "*no! no! — thou art mine! — thou art my muse, no others'! — no other shall dare say, that he was possessed of thee as I am, that thou wast devoted to him as well as to me, that he was so secure of thy love as I was. I have loved thee, I have forborne thee, the bee brings not more carefully and heedily the honey from all the flower-cups together, than I gathered delight from thy lips, from thy thousandfold love-overpourings.*" — Then my braids fell down, thou took'st them up, and called them brown snakes and hid them in thy garment and drew my head to thy breast, on which I should repose from aye to aye and disburden myself of thinking and doing; that would be fine, that would be true, that would thus be the right sweet lounge of my existence. That is the fruit of paradise for which I languish: *to rest, to sleep with consciousness of being near the most glorious.*

AFTER GOETHE'S DEATH.

* * *

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

So far I had wrote yesterday, when I went in the evening at ten o'clock into society, I had resolved to expose once more to Goethe all the sweet and important events I had lived over with him, in a cyclus of such letters; now all stood so very clear before my eyes as if it had but just happened. My soul was deeply moved and far from men like the moon when it is beyond. In such frame of mind I often fly a very high pitch of humour, so I was of great wantonness yesterday. They were already informed of Goethe's death; I told that I had to-day for the first time since years written to him; nobody imparted me the doleful news. I spoke much of

Goethe; at one o'clock in the night at home; the news-papers lay before my couch, I read the news of his death; I was alone, I did not need to give account to any body about my feelings; I could so calmly look forward to all it would bring me; for it was quite clear that this love, the first and unique source of my being, was not staunched with his death. I fell asleep and dreamt of him, and awoke to rejoice that just now I had seen him in dream, and I slept again to dream on, and thus I passed the night in sweet consolation, and was conscious, his spirit had been conciliated with mine, and nought were lost for me.

Upon whom should I then transfer this orphan leaf that I wrote on the day of his death, if not to the friend who with so intimate sympathy heard me speak of him, and if it were to him but what is a withered leaf by the wind whirled before his feet, however he will perceive it has grown on a noble stem.

I will relate here to you the issue of yon last evening with Goethe; when I parted he attended

me with the taper to the second room, whilst he embraced me, the burning candle dropped from his hand, I was about to take it up, he would not allow it. "*Leave it there,*" said he: "*it shall burn a mark for me in the floor, where last I beheld thee; as often as I become aware of this burnt spot I will think of thy dear appearance; as often as I step on it I shall ween as if thy hand had ensnared my foot. Be thou ensnared to me, be mine, I am in want of thee.*" — he kissed me on the brow and led me out.

* * *

Were it not wrong that on the festival of glory the mists of secret reproaches would arise and darken the sun-cleared horizon, then I should here accuse, just her of whom the friend knows that she would fain appear pure and free from every taint of neglect in love; yes, this ashamed heart! — look how great is its offence against

love, to whom not only a branch of this sacred tree of glory was intrusted, yea, the tree itself which thrives these stems in everlasting rejuvenescence, was given to her love's care; and she did not care for it, and forsook the shelter of this tree which grew on, verdantly prospering without her.

* * *

Oh, should I never mend what I had demerited and regain what I had lost? — Perhaps that the clipped pinions will grow hereafter; perhaps I shall overtake him and come to my place of rest, having no other mind than to enjoy rest.

* * *

TO GOETHE.

Ascended into heaven! — the world inane! — the pasturage deserted; for certain it is, that *thy* foot no more wanders here; may the sun-shine yet lustre the tops of yonder trees which thou hast planted; may the cloudy sky cleave asunder and the blue heaven open to them, they never will thrive in it; but this love! — how were it, *if that* there above spread its blossom-crown a carpet beneath thy feet? — If it strove up on and on, till its top would touch the stool of thy feet, and there disfolding all its blossoms, whirling their fragrant sighs around thee; — were not that also to number to heaven's-mirth? — To God nothing is impossible, say the godly; and what is possible that must happen, say the wise; lovers alone say nothing, for they have faith; their life, their breath displays supernal spirit; what should they ask for more? — I have

faith in thee, that thou dost hear me, that my sighs ascend to thee. — Here on earth it was not possible; the crowding coil of daily life let longing not prevail; no lone day, no trusty night came to its aid; — myself! — I myself said a hundred times: thou art lost. — Thou Lord! who hearst me, to whom I intrust he may hear me, give answer! — Since they say thee dead, my heart throbs with secret expectancy: it is as if thou hadst summoned me hence to surprise me, as heretofore in thy garden, where from tufted lanes thou steppedst forth, the ripe apple in thy hand, which then I threw on before thee, to lead thy walk to the arbour, where the great globe lay on the ground; then thou saidst: *"there lies the globe of the world at thy feet, and yet thou liest at my feet!"* — Yes, the world and I lay at thy feet; that cold world above which thou stoodst elevated, and I who strove up to thee. And thus it came to pass: the world remained lying there, and *me* thou drewest up to thy heart. On thy heart ardently throbbing in thy breast, I lay, and did not comprehend how bliss-

ful that was. My dear Lord! — is all that again to recover? — with sweet consciousness again to wander through? — may I absorb these tears? may I rely on the daring conviction, that love attains all, and when I attain thee, wilt thou bid me welcome? — Oh, root into me, ye magical powers of love! — ye stars keep sentry, begird me, let none within the sacred halo of my constellation, none of the false, untrue real-world, which became betrayer to us, and severed us, and led me astray, me poor blind child away from my lord! — What have I searched, and what have I found? — who has joyously smiled on me? — whose inarming have I filled with the loving conscience, that he never should inarm, one more ecstasied with happiness? — Thou wast satisfied in me, thou didst rejoice to view the infant-heart vigorously bursting forth the spring of enthusiasm! — why must this spring be drained? could not the whole stream of life — *should* it not flow on to meet thy smile, thy greeting, thy beck and bidding? — must it not turn to thy liking, and with a thousand serpentine curls ensnare thee, and love in a thousand

smooth bendings enwheel thee? Where was it beauteous but alone with thee? thou wast aware of the graces, their far pace already echoed the rhythm of thy inspiration! The placid fire of thy dusky eyes, the soft reposing of thy limbs, thy smiling at my naive narrations, thy docile devotion for my raptures. — Ay, and thou leanedst thy sacred brow on my breast and lookedst up to me, who also became sacred by thy presence.

* * *

TO THE FRIEND.

Perhaps I shall forfeit your little devotion to me, when I let you down so deeply in my heart, where all is so odd that people would say it were madness. — Yes, madness is the right partition between the eternal immortal and the transient. All that comprise life, must soar up as the eagle soars up to the sun, and not shun the consuming of its earthly

garments in the divine fire. The spirit will indeed learn to undergo its transfigurations; he will become aware that he is invulnerable, that he is endless.

I should tell you all more clearly, I should impart you the story of the events within my soul, and ever let you but perceive the exulting, the grievous exulting of my senses. You are my friend or are you not, I do not know: but ever I must consider you as such, as you stand, amidst the secret of my breast, a pillar on which I lean, and if you were not there, this epoch would overflow me, like the deluge of a torrent, which, after the vernal-showers are withdrawn, again softly returns into the rivets of his bed; and as the expert swimmer from the jeopardous height plunges into the floods, before such eyes, to whom he would fain prove his daring: so venture I, for you are witness of my yielding to these demoniac powers, — these floods of tears in which I play, these vernal love-inspiritings of yonder time with Goethe, and the upbraidings which arise in me, would tear my

heart with grief, did not the friend hear and reverberate in his own feelings what here assails me.

* * *

The last of the blooming-time is, to impregn the flower with its fructifying dust, then the breezes sportingly waft the loosened leaves, trifling a while with the apparel of spring: soon no eye will perceive their splendour, for their season is gone, but the seed swells, and in the fruit reveals the mystery of generating. When *these leaves* of inspiration, loosened from their stem, shall whirl about, and like yon little blossom-crowns, having breathed their fragrance, molested by the earthly dust, with flagged wings, at last do bed tired beneath the ground: perhaps that then in the heart of the friend, to whom now they breathe, the bliss of this beauteous love between the *Poet* and the *child* gloriously avers itself.

* * *

TO GOETHE.

How desirous wast thou for love! — how desirous wast thou of being beloved! *"Thou lovest me, dost thou not? it is indeed thy earnest, is it not? thou hast never betrayed me?"* — so didst thou ask and silently I beheld thee. *"I am easily deceived, each can delude me, do thou not delude me, I will rather the truth, even if it should pain me, than be imposed upon!"* When excited by this converse, I tenderly conferred with thee and demonstrated sweet arguments of thy presence within me, then thou saidst: *"nay, but thou art true, with such a voice love alone can tell."* Goethe, hear me! to-day love also speaks from me; to-day! the thirtieth of March, eight days after that, of which they say, it were the day of thy death; since which *day* all thy former rights become valid within my bosom, as if still I lay at thy

feet; to day love will bewail to thee: thou on high! above the clouds, not saddened by their dimness! not disturbed by their tears, — say! will moans throng into thine ear? thou! Poet also yonder, hearkening to plaints also yonder, and solving into strains what thou hearest. — Oh, solve my plaint, and release me from this eagerness of being comprehended and wished for. — Was it not thou who comprehended me, ay, with prophetic voice awoke within me the slumbering strengths of inspiration, that avouch me everlasting youth, and raise me far beyond the reach of men. Hast thou not in the first replying sigh to my love richly compensated all that ever could be denied me? — Thou! — to think of whom slowly rouses tempesting within my heart, where anon, electric shiverings run through the spirit, where anon, slumber befalls the senses; and no comprising more of the world's claim! — who had ever sounded my heart? who has asked: what ails thee? — who has bent to the flower to enjoy its enamel, to breathe its perfume? — to whom the chime of my voice — of

which thou saidst it made thee feel, what Echo must feel, when the voice of a lover resounds in her bosom, — would have revealed, which mysteries, by virtue of thy poetic spells it was compelled to utter? Oh, Goethe! thou alone hast allowed me the stool of thy feet, and avowed my inspirations pouring before thee. Men! a race blind to beauty, deaf to spirit, and senseless to love! — Why then do I lament? — because it is so still around me? — or because I am so alone? — well then! in this lone space, if there is of my feelings a replying echo, it can only be thou; if a consoling in the free air waves towards me, it is the breathing of thy spirit. Who besides might understand what we both with another here commune? who might solemnly comply to the converse of thy spirit with me? — Goethe! it is no more sweet, our meeting; it is no caressing, no mirth; the graces around thee no more array, no more shape each love-whim, each sport of wit into poems. — The kisses, the sighs, the tears and smiles no more chase and rally each other; it is solemn stillness, solemn dole-

fulness which entirely seizes upon me. — In my breast the harmonies range, the strains sever, and each within its own prowess against the other, is penetrated with the organs of its own affinities, and with these powers it prevails. — So it is within my breast, whilst I dare step before thee, in the midst of thy way, where thou so hastily roamest, and ask thee if thou still knowest me, who knows none besides thee? — Behold, amidst this breast, the pure chalice of love filled to the brim with harsh drink, with bitter tears of grievous privation. When the harmonies transfuse into each other, then shakes the chalice, then stream tears; they flow to thee who lovest the votaries of death, *thou* who saidst: *"to be immortal, for awaking again a thousand-fold within each bosom."* Nay! then I weened: *within my bosom alone* thou shouldst awake; and it is become true, and close after thee and me, life is secluded. — Alas, thou wakest, but I cannot cope with thy holy presence. I venture too much and shrink longing for a breast that lives amongst the living ones, that may bear with

my secrets and warm me; for to stand before thee, gives harrowing chill; and my hands I must fearfully clasp, in daring to think so intimately of thee! — No! — not to call upon thee — not to tend my hands towards thee; in this odd vigil of the night not gaze after thee, above the stars look up to thee and call thy name — I dare not! — Oh, I am afraid of thee! — rather to sink my look upon the tomb which covers thee, to gather flowers and pour them to thee; ay, we will pluck all the sweet flowers of remembrance, they breathe so spiritly; may they be kept for thy remembrance and mine, or chance may blow them away; once more I will resume these sweet stories of past times.

* * *

To day I will tell thee how in dark night thou ledst me unknown ways. In Weimar, when on the market we came to the stairs, and thou descendedst the first, and thou borest me away, wrapt in thy mantle upon thy shoulder. Is it true, my lord? — hast borne me with both thine arms? — how beauteous wast thou then, how grand and noble, how dark fulgurated thine eye in the stary glance! — how dark into mine, when I sat there above on thy shoulder, fastening me with both mine arms round thy neck; how blissful I was, how didst thou smile that I was so blissful, how didst thou rejoice to have me, and bear me waving above thy head; how did I rejoice! — and then I swung over to the right shoulder, not to tire the left. — Thou letst me see through the illumined windows; a series of peaceful eves of old and young, by the lamp's light or before the blazing kitchen-fire, also the little dog and the kitten sat by. Thou saidst: "*is not that a merryful gallery*

of pictures?" — so we passed from one dwelling to the other along the gloomy streets, till we came in the park beneath the high trees, I touched the boughs and the birds startled away; how we both rejoiced and laughed! — children thou and I — and now? — thou a spirit ascended to the heavens; and I? — unfulfilled, unawaited for, uncomprehended, unloved! nay, they might ask: who art thou and what is thy want? and should I answer them, they would say: we understand thee not. But *thou* didst comprehend me, and openedst thine arms and thy heart to me, and each demand was answer'd and each woe was calm'd. — Yonder in the park we went hand in hand beneath the thick-foliaged trees, thou gavest me many sweet names, they resound still in my ear: *beloved heart! my fine child!* how much did that ravish me to know how thou wouldst call me; then arose the moon: Thou also wast delighted, thou rejoicedst not at the moon, thou rejoicedst at my delight, and I? — why did I applaud the moon? — was I not happy to be with thee? — what was to me the moon? — but now thy lips

kissed my brow, thy closed lips so stately, so consummately pronouncing what is beauty. Say! — can form decay when it is spirit? — did not thy lips express thy poet-tongue, thine eye thy poet-spirit, and thy nose, thy brow so pure, so proud, maintaining its dignity? — can form decay which so answers for itself? — *and soul and mind and body shall be kept clean and blameless, all to share in divine bliss.* Ay, beauty is a divine bliss, and what is the spirit's beauty? — to be kept free from sin, free from law; all nursing of the soul to be pure, be heaven's-bread, each demand be granted, for the soul shall become free, and on what her instinct lays claim, that must nourish her raciness, her sensuousity to become enlightening, to stand the test of inspiration; in the meat of love to feel of spirit the vital power.

* * *

But yonder, beneath the trees thou didst kiss the playing shadows on my head, and not didst talk philosophy, and to be together with thee is more wisdom than any philosophy. — And thou didst whisper a litany of sweet names upon my brow, and I was rejoiced to learn them, and repeated them in my mind, not to forget them: *"thou little mouse,"* thou saidst, *„come!"* and ledst me to the well, that issued like a green crystal-globe amidst the turf, there we stood a little while, hearkening to its music; — "it sings ever bul bul," I said; — *"ay, it calls in persian tongue to the nightingale, no wonder when in future I sing ever like the rill, for I will ever call on thee, as thou art my nightingale and warblest all songs into my soul."* — Then we went further, — beauteous night! — thou ledst me by my hand, we looked at each other, bedewed with trembling light-droplets, which the moon scattered down upon us, through the hiding shadows of yon high

trees; then thou saidst: "*those I have planted ere many many years, and ever delighted in seeing them thrive so luxuriously, this year they are most gorgeously foliaged; to help solemnizing thy presence, they pour those moon-diamonds upon thee.*" All these speeches were electric showers, I shivered at thy words, they flew into my breast as were they birds, and would build a nest there, or they would call my soul a young bird with its flixy wings to soar up — and I durst not utter a word, thy smiling seemed to me so grand, that I was ashamed to let hear my voice; in this stillful breath-stopping pause, I was not thinking, I was only filled with thy presence. —

Look how in the dubious gloom, all the branches glow and bloom, star on star is playing down, through the bushes emeraldly, fulgurating thousandfoldly, yet thy mind is far from all. "I will kiss thee," said I*). —

*) West-eastern divan: Suleika named.
Full-moon-night.
Schau! Im zweifelhaften Dunkel

We went home, at the door I asked: "shall we part now?" — thou camest up the stairs with me and enteredst my room; I leaped to the sofa, and there I snugged myself in thine arms, and closed them fast round my neck. Then it was so stilful near thy heart, I heard it throb, I heard thee breathing, then I hearkened to it and had no other mind than to hear thee live. — Oh thou! — my heart pangs; — here, long after midnight, alone with thee in the remembrance of yon hour so many years gone, so penetrated with that love of thine, that my tears must flow, and thou! no more on earth, beyond, where I reach thee not, where my prayers do not resound! — alas! tears! will they flow to the beloved into the other world. — or is all for nought? — So time passed on thy

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Glühen blühend alle Zweige,
Niederspielet Stern auf Stern,
Und smaragden durch's Gesträuche
Tausendfaltiger Karfunkel,
Doch Dein Geist ist allem fern.
Ich will küssen, sagt' ich.

breast, not presuming that it could pass over, all was managed for eternity. — Twilight; the night-lamp cast a dubious shine on the ceiling, the flame began to crackle and flashed up, had it not, thou wouldst not have awaked so soon out of thy deep dream-musing, perhaps I should have passed a whole hour more in thy arms, perhaps I should have seen the sun rise there. — Thou turnedst thy head towards me, and beheldst me a long while, then leanedst me softly out of thine arms and saidst: *"I will go! — look how ambiguously the night-lamp burns, — how moveable the shine of its blaze plays on the ceiling, even as unsafely burns a flame in my bosom, I am not sure it should flare up, and scorch thee and me."* Thou pressedst both my hands with thine, thou didst go and gave me no kiss, as heretofore when thou didst go away. — First! — as it is strange with lovers, — I was quite calm, I felt me glory-filled and still inwrapt in glory, but suddenly I cried for grief, that thou wast gone, I called upon thee, I searched for one to

whom I could complain that I had thee no more. I was so very alone, I knelt on the table before the mirror, there my pale face looked at me with dark eyes, so very dolefully it looked, that from pity I broke forth in tears.

* * *

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

I would not have wrote this, were not your letter after Goethe's death the impulse to the reviving of my memory; it is as if each breath out of the past time would rise, and what I thought forgotten, with prodigious power lays hold on me, and discharges the fire of concealed pangs upon my cheeks — shall I here alone bear all, or do I not in vain ask you to share in it? — Lo! — it is so gracious, nay even delightful a

task to console, I have no doubt you would accept of what my remembrance dares offer you, which once more ushers in, this love's full power and everlastingness upon me.

. . .

So far I have written this night, now the day is dawning, I will still write down how the agonized soul with all the strength of wilful youth assuaged itself. I had no presension, no idea that I could go out of these four walls and come to the door where Goethe dwelled, that I could lean there my head upon the sill and find rest there; the voice kept silence which could have instructed me, that it depended only upon me to become blissed in one moment for aye. Had but that inly voice reminded me, how often heretofore my quick fancy found a way to him

when I spoke with his mother, or how in musing, which always borrows of imagination what it is in want of, I weened to climb up the vine-laths which ascended to the window of his closet; had I said to myself that these vine-laths were not ten steps afar, that now I could indeed ascend them, and could knock at the window, and to be sure, joyfully surprised he would open it and draw me to his heart; — had I told that to myself, and had not hazarded upon this adventure, then that very innocence of which I was penetrated might be denied me. — I, innocent and he discreet — that was our partition-wall, not virtue; virtue is not the genius of innocence. — Kneeling on the table before the looking glass, at the unsteady flickering of the night-lamp, seeking for help within my own eyes, that with tears replied to me; with lips trembling, the hands so fastly clasped upon my breast grievously filled with sighs. — Lo! — how often had I wished once to dare pronounce his own poems before him — suddenly it came into my mind, how ere a few moments, the great tall oaks in the moon-light

had rustled above us, then I remembered the monologue of Iphigenia:*)

There I stood before the glass and spoke this monologue aloud, with art-inspirited enthusiasm, fancying as if Goethe would hearken to me; often I stopped — the low detained trembling of my voice, intimated me the pauses so very momentuous in these *past*- and *future*-raising

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*) Forth! — in your shades, ye breeze-removed tops
Of th' ancient sacred, thick-foliaged grove,
As in the Goddess silent sanctuary
Still now with awful shivering I step,
As did I for the first time tread on them,
And not does here the mind inure itself.
So many a year preserves me here conceal'd
A will, sublime, to which I am addicted,
Yet e'er like in the first still am I strange,
For oh! the sea parts me from my beloved,
And on the shore I stand the tarrying days,
Searching the land of Grecians with my soul;
And to reply my sighs, the billow brings
But ov'r to me, mournfully roaring tunes.
Woe man, who far from parent, brother, sister
Lonesomely lives! — to him consuming grief
Frets the next hap away before his lips.
To him the musing thoughts swarm ever down

speeches. My emotion, my spirit by Goethe's spirit deeply-moved prevail'd in me this dramatical effusion; I clearly felt inspirited with his own inspiration, I felt as in a cloud ascending; a divine power wafted this cloud towards him, the love-inspiriting one, and in sooth in the glorifying of his own work. How could I more forcibly have been penetrated by his genius?

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*) Heraus in Eure Schatten, rege Wipfel
Des alten, heil'gen, dichtbelaubten Haines,
Wie in der Göttin stilles Heiligthum,
Tret' ich noch jetzt mit shauderndem Gefühl,
Als wenn ich sie zum erstenmal beträte,
Und es gewöhnt sich nicht mein Geist hierher.
So manches Jahr bewahrt mich hier verborgen
Ein hoher Wille dem ich mich ergebe;
Doch immer bin ich, wie im ersten, fremd.
Denn ach, mich trennt das Meer von den Geliebten,
Und an dem Ufer steh' ich lange Tage:
Das Land der Griechen mit der Seele suchend;
Und gegen meine Seufzer bringt die Welle
Nur dumpfe Töne brausend mir herüber.
Weh dem, der fern von Eltern und Geschwistern
Ein einsam Leben führt! Ihm zehrt der Gram
Das nächste Glück von seinen Lippen weg.
Ihm schwärmen abwärts immer die Gedanken

all this longing pang dissolved in joyful wing-rushing of the spirit; as the young eagle not soaring up, with its pinions only beckons the sun, feeling valiant to pursue him on his course; so I was — cheerly and delighted I went to bed, sleep overpour'd me like the refreshing shower that follows a storm.

Towards his father's halls, whereat, the sun
Before him first disclosed heaven, where,
The fellowborn did playing strong and stronger
With cheerful bands unite each to the other.
Against the Gods, I dare not contest; — but
The state of women is commiserable,
At home and in the war man does govern,
In foreign lands, he knows how to behave,
Possession he enjoys; victory crowns him;
A glorious death will be reserved for him.
How close ensnar'd is fortune for a wife,
Nay, to obey the spouse's rude commands
Is duty and console; how pityful
When hostile fate drives her in foreign lands.
Thus keeps me Thoas here, a noble man,
Fetter'd in stern and sacred slavish bands.
Oh, how ashamed do I own, that I
But with a still reluctance, serve thee Goddess.

* * *

So since ever to this very moment, all unsatisfied desire, by sensuousness of art will be transported to a higher state; and if any thing bears witness for a transfiguration yonder, it is, that all sensation, arising from holy

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Nach seines Vaters Hallen, wo die Sonne
Zuerst den Himmel vor ihm aufschlofs, wo
Sich Mitgeborne, spielend fest und fester
Mit sanften Banden aneinander knüpften.
Ich rechte mit den Göttern nicht; allein
Der Frauen Zustand ist beklagenswerth.
Zu Haus und in dem Kriege herrscht der Mann,
Und in der Fremde weifs er sich zu helfen;
Ihn freuet der Besitz, ihn krönt der Sieg;
Ein ehrenvoller Tod ist ihm bereitet.
Wie eng gebunden ist des Weibes Glück!
Schon einem rauhen Gatten zu gehorchen,
Ist Pflicht und Trost; wie elend wenn sie gar
Ein feindlich Schicksal in die Ferne treibt! —
So hält mich Thoas hier, ein edler Mann,
In ernsten, heil'gen Sclavenbanden fest.
O wie beschämt gesteh' ich, dafs ich Dir
Mit stillem Widerwillen diene, Göttin,

ments, the modulating of my voice, could he ever ween how deeply love insinuated this performance? — that with it, the pure unoffenced spring bloomed forth from its cover in these premices of my feelings? —

* * *

I thank my friend, that I dare relate to him all my feelings, they evolve of Goethe's unhurt piety, the infinite genius, engenerating in the bosom of an innocent woman, softly to rule his ardent-spirited darling, that she might ever feel happy and in full harmony with him. I cannot elucidate what passes within me since he is dead; — deep remembrances, shooting forth like plants, ambrosial begemmed, opening to the ambient light of marvelling truth; I feel the air wafting still his breath to me, I feel the beam of his atmosphere warm and enlighten me, I look around to see him; I feel my earthly spirit inflecting and refracting the ray of his

supernal one; none can unriddle what I am, nor what power my spirit is possessed of, and how deeply by the favour of a propitious constellation, my percipient genius like a new moon may grow or wane, rise or set; thus let not your own mind be ruffled by other's judgment, and I will also not lose my trust, spite of dreary neight-spectres scared up to haunt me.

* * *

Wert thou with me Goethe! — now! in this moment! — Once the sky bedewed thy slumbering brow amidst nature's young sleeping brood, the early breeze awaked the blossoms with playing round thy breast; and the sun before it set, did woo thy ardent look; thou! of Poets the prince, wast pleased to feel straightly in the mid of thy bosom the nightingale resound his lay; thy proud bosom swelled by spumy dreams of love before a prosperous gale; when time, the powerful tor-

rent inspirited with youth, bore thee on his surges towards the hankering mind, to meet with thee for a moment but, those surges rolled away and they never return.

* * *

TO GOETHE.

From unmeasured height the stars stream their light down to the earth, and the earth becomes green and blows in many thousand flowers aloft to the stars.

Love's spirit also streams down from unmeasured height into the bosom of man, and to this spirit also smiles a blooming spring. Thou! — as the stars are pleased, in the golden flower-field to be reverberated on the fresh verdant ground, thus be thou pleased, that thy higher genius, for thee calls forth thousandfold blossom of feelings out of my breast; everlasting dreams

entwine my senses; dreams are foams! ay, they foam up and rush to heaven.

And lo! he comes! — give way! — prodigious stillness in wide nature! — no breeze moving, no thought moving — without reluctance, at his feet the mind fettered to him! — can I love — *him* so high aloft above myself? Oh world but thou art narrow! — the mind does not its pinions once stretch out without to strain them far beyond thy reach. — The wood, the verdant plain I must desert, the play-ground of his poetical delight, — I fancy me touching his mantle's skirt, and my hands to stretch forth to him who in earlier days to me counted golden moments, when I sat at his feet and kissed his hand and caressed him with speeches, and his mind was so nigh to mine that *ay* he said to all, and drew my curls through his fingers and played with my ear, and raised my head, to regard the moon and stars, and should relate fine things of the moon, how she ascends the heights to crown the tops with lily-chaplets and pour silver-streams in tenebrose wildernesses, filling their ravines with splendour,

when stillness watches over the wafting vapours around. "Thou whimsey moon," said I, „givest whims that like yon catching clouds, impetuously roll on, after each other to veil my hap, and as thy vapour-dividing light victoriously breaks forth, to defy the nubiferous gale; thus darts on me the glance of him whose knees I here embrace. — So moon, thou art the secret divine, and like thee moon he is the secret divine, who like thee, onesided moon, pours down his light over the want of love." — And now in the dazzling glimmer of my tears, I see him cloud-compelling walk a silver-lining path, casting a claim at me to follow! — I lack! — hard before, he stepped this cloudy style; his breath agrees still with the air, I might drink it, I dare not, I am not strong to bear the violence impassionate, that prances ov'r the bounds. Oh lead me ov'r the plain, where once my genius led me to meet with him, in the season, when youth gemm'd its blossoms, when first the eye opened to light, and he, fully darting, engaged my look and darkened each other light to me.

* * *

Oh come in, as first thou cam'st before the face of that pale waning speechless maiden, obeying the fate of love, fainting away as she saw the falchion of decree flashing in thine eye, and thou didst catch her in thine arms and drink my glowing blood from my cheek, in thy inclosing arms at once assuagedst this heart hankering since many years; and peace came o'er me on thy breast, a sweet sweet slumber for a moment, or was I stunned? — I never knew. — It was a deep pause, thou didst bend thy brow ov'r mine, to shelter me in thy shadow, and when I awoke, thou wouldst say: *"thou! — thou hast slept in my arm;"* — "long?" — I asked; — *"Well! strains which long since had not resounded within my breast, vibrated, and so time is gone."* — Thy dim eye, how mildly thou lookedst on me! — and all was new for me — a human face, first stared at, tranc'd in love. — *Thy* face oh Goethe, never to compare to an

other, at once striking my soul with light. Oh glorious man! — now also I feel myself under thy darting looks. — I know, thy lips dew balm upon me from the clouds. I feel myself as burthened with fruits of blissfulness, all ripened by thy fire-beaming genius. Thou lookst upon me down from celestial heights, let it be unknown to me, for I would not bear it; thou hast taken me from myself; where stand I firm? — the ground reels — I feel myself no more on earth. — My soul buoys up, I do no more know any one, I have no thought, I have no will but to sleep, bedded in clouds on the steps of thy celestial chair. — Thy glance, keeping over me fire-vigil, thy all-inarming spirit, bending over me in the blossom-carouse of thy love-carols. — Thou! lisping over me, nightingale-fluting the groans of my languishing pants. — Thou! storming over me, weather-stressing the frenzy of passion; Thou! shouting, — heaven-urging the eternal hymns of love, that warbling rebound on the heart. — Ay! at thy feet I will sleep, while thou! valiant

one! Poet! Prince! lightsomely grazing the clouds, evolvest yon harmonies rooted within my heart.

* * *

Prayers ascend to heaven! — what is he who also ascends to heaven? — he also is prayer, matured in the shelter of the muses. Eros, the celestial, to light before, severs the clouds on his way.

* * *

His pride! his sacred pride in his beauty! They say: it were not possible, he having already been sixty years of age, when I had firstly seen him, and I a fresh rose. — Oh, there is a difference between the freshness of youth and that beauty by the divine spirit inculcated to human features, through which inspi-

ration perspires a halo and unhurt by lowness its fragrance freely evolves.

Beauty is secluded from what is low and isolated by what is noble, being in itself and having its own sanction to keep vigil between it and the world. Beauty fades not, its bloom only loosens from the stem that bore it, its bloom sinks not in dust, it is winged and ascends to heaven. They who saw *him*, must yield, that beauty, which by other men only invest the outer shape with a higher spirit, here in its appearance withal, streams forth from it, and rules over it; and so bails his claim to the celestial.

* * *

Goethe, I yield to thy beauteousness and would not a second time tempt thee, as then in Weimar in the library at the pillar fronting thy bust, which in the fortieth year of thy age evolved the full harmony of thy immarcessible beauty. There thou hast led the young maiden, and

thou, wrapt in thy green mantle leanedst on the pillar, sounding if in these rejuvened features she should remind the present friend; but I would not mind it; — alas, cheery love-visions, secret merriment would not let it 'scape from out my lips. — *Well?* — he impatiently asked; — "he must have been a beautiful man," I said. — "*Yes! forsooth! he could say in his time he was a beautiful man;*" said Goethe irritated; — I would come near him, and with soothing implore him, he escaped, he held me aloof, and when I touched his hand, he slung me from him; for a moment I was perplexed; — "stay! like this image," I cried: "then I will woo thee calm again! — wilt thou not? — well! then I forsake the living one, and kiss the stone so long, till grudgingly thou hast snatched me from it." — I embraced the bust, I bent my brow on this majestic brow, I kissed these marble-lips, I lent cheek to cheek; suddenly he raised me from it in his arms. "'t is time," said I. "for nearly I had abandoned me to the stone." he lifted me high in his arms, this man of

three score years, he looked up to me, and gave me sweet names: *"child of my good stars! child of my Gods! thou liest in the cradle of my breast."**) — What beautiful words were that in which he harboured me, what a hallowed music by which he immortalized me! — After having a while thus ardently beheld me, he let me down, wrapt my arm into his mantle and held my hand on his throbbing heart, and so with

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*) Thou look'st so stern, Beloved! with thy styled
Marble bust here I'd like thee to compare;
As this, thou givest no sign of living air;
Likening it to thee, the stone seems mild.

The foe doth parry with his shield for's best
The friend to us, shows openly his brow.
I strive to thee, whilst thou wilt 'scape me now;
Oh brave it out, as doth this artful crest.

To which of these should I now have recourse?
Must I of both here suffer cold and wrong,
As this is dead, and thou alive 'tis said?

Brief, not to lose more words nor make it worse
This stone, I shall caress and woo so long,
Till thou art jealous, and wilt me from it led.

lingering paces we went home. I said: "how thy heart beats!" — "*it beats not for me,*" he replied, "*the seconds that with such a throbbing assault my heart, they with impassionate violence rush upon thee, thou also thrivest the irretrievable time for me to forego.*" — Lo! so finely he snatched the impulse of his heart with sweet expressions, he, the irrefragable Poet! —

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*) Du siehst so ernst, Geliebter! Deinem Bilde
Von Marmor hier möcht' ich dich wohl vergleichen;
Wie dieses giebst du mir kein Lebenszeichen;
Mit dir verglichen zeigt der Stein sich milde.

Der Feind verbirgt sich hinter seinem Schilde.
Der Freund soll offen seine Stirn uns reichen.
Ich suche dich, du suchst mir zu entweichen;
Doch halte Stand, wie dieses Kunstgebilde.

An wen von beiden soll ich nun mich wenden?
Sollt' ich von beiden Kälte leiden müssen,
Da dieser todt und du lebendig heifsest?

Kurz, um der Worte mehr nicht zu verschwenden,
So will ich diesen Stein so lange küssen,
Bis eifersüchtig du mich ihm entreifsest.

My friend, good night! weep with me for a moment — for behold: midnight is already past, midnight, which has raft him away.

* * *

Yesterday I mused over him, no, not mused, I had almost communion with him. Pain to me is not feeling, it is thinking, my heart is not moved, it is excited. — I was afflicted in my thoughts, I have also dreamed of him, and awakened very grateful, that he had gratified me with his presence in dream, though the heavenly spirits can do all without trouble. Goethe silent and portentous led me along the shore of a river. I know also that he spoke single words, but not what; the dusk swerved like lacerated mist-clouds driving; — then I saw the glitter of the stars vibrating in the water — my peaceable steps on his side made the moving of nature, more sensible to me; it moved me and moves me still now while I write; what is emo-

tion? — is it not divine force which enters through my soul as through the porch into my spirit; breaks in, mingles, and blends with powers which before were untouched, with them engenders new sensations, new thoughts and new faculties. — Thus a dream leads and directs the spirit of mankind; — is it not also a dream which spreads the emerald carpet before your feet and embroiders it with golden flowers; and all the beauty which moves you, is it not a dream? — all what you want of, do you not dream yourself to be possessed of it? — Alas, and having dreamt thus, must thou then not make it true or die for longing? — and is the dream within dream not the free arbitrary will of our spirit, that gives all what the soul demands? — Mirror fronting mirror with the soul amid, to show her endless in everlasting transfiguration? —

Those vague glimmer in the air, those refracting light-rays in the surgy water, are they not the mirror-shape of my waving mind? and he who placidly, silence-breathing led me at his hand quieting my panting senses, were he not like the

divine spirit of life, consuming the bad and purifying the good in me? — So plainly I dreamt, and by this dream am advised as Salomo was by his friend the angel of death, who also is the genius of life. And like the sun every day shines anew, thus God every day darts the beam of revelation into mankind, although not every day minded to accept of it. But love enters the bosom and plants in it desire for revelation; and to this dream forth-streaming, my bosom opened like the rose-cup, exhaling and glowing, does to the sun. Goethe led me down the river along the tufted banks, and bade me sleep and wait for the day as it was night, and waiting for the day I fell asleep, as was his bidding, and in the morning, when I awoke out of this double-sleep, it was as if in the dream of you dreamed night he had imparted me bliss.

* * *

Wednesday.

Also in this night I have dreamt of him, I must write it down; it was ever my most ardent desire to see him in dream, and it would not do as only now while he is dead. The mind never by itself so daringly trusts in the floods of life, as when the dream egregiously navigates through, which way in real life should have led me to him? — But dream has done it, so simple, so sensuous of that mental rhythm within my feelings for him. — Were I ever dream-inspirited, I should not derogate from harmony with genius. — It was night, through its gauze, I could discern the hues of the manifold flowers, spread on the turf-carpet before his dwelling, the most flowrets were white, the gales moved them, in the midst of the green lay stones and fragments of ruins, tumbled over one another; I climbed on them to see into the illuminated room, the windows were open, the curtains were

wafted to me by the breeze, suddenly I saw his shape walking through the room, laying his hand on his brow as musing into the far, then the curtains sunk and the breeze softened; oh would they waft once more to me that I might reach them and hold them fast, sightfully to drink this view of him, as one thirstily drinks out of a clear bourn which brings health in its surges; but the curtain moved never, I could not dream any more, — I must awake by the great stillness in all nature around. — I mused about this dream, and as I traced the truth in it, I felt blessed to have seen him; had the dream dared delude me, then perhaps it had passed the limits of the possible and Goethe could not have agreed with it. But it enlightened for a moment the mirror of my desire, and so I saw him. —

As blessed spirits are busy to thrive the strength of nature in blossom, so they also transfuse thinking and feeling into a spirituous blooming. To muse is to dream, and the evaporating of the vernal-ground is also the strength which sprouts forth in flowers, and is the musing of nature's

genius; what is kept in him must thrive in him, *so I must*, kept in this love by nature's genius. The simplest germ of truth reaches to all-comprising sight, like the smallest path that leads at last on the height where I am pleased to behold these romantic wildernesses of my life-shores; lone, darksome, rugged, not easily to climb up, not easily to move freely on their tops; but to survey life from there adown, is grand. — Often I feel myself as wimpled in balmy vapour, and it is, as that cloud durst only lift, to soar me out of temporal life. — And from out these heights I look no where, I search no where but for the place at his feet. Never believe, that even the shadow of his sight were forsaken to me; — the sound of his voice frequents my ear, I suddenly hear it, when all other voices which daily I hear, have no home within my memory, I have no memory, I have a sacred presence, my presence is possessed of that time I lived in love, my senses tide on it as does ebb and flow; ay! this flood tides ever and anon, up-

roaring on the cold ruggy shores of life, foaming, boiling and quaffing down itself.

* * *

Here on earth, the senses are not clear, they lie under the dream-carpet, life is not yet born into light, it still reposes as immatured fruit in nature's womb, which God has impregnated with the human mind to ripen into self-consciousness and in the right moment to beteem into light; the innermost germ in the core of life is boding, striving to ripen into self-consciousness; as betides to our understanding, so is our will swathed up in nature, like the fruit in the womb which soaks nurture, and moves and strives to light, and spurs nature to bring it forth, thus does the mind, and so will become to us as to the fruit when it is ripe; we are the fruit of nature's love, and with sharp throes we shall be born to light; and that I reply when

they ask about this love, that I lie in the womb of nature striving for light by this love's throes, as man has not power to do otherwise.

* * *

This all, I have no doubt, prepares for a higher organisation — a string having sensual life, would thus be touch'd by vibration, when the master over harmonies would make it chime through all modulations, as I am touched that love forthwith makes me chime within its harmonies.

* * *

TO THE FRIEND.

You want, I should tell you of him more, all? — how dare I? — most too grievous it would be, parted from him, to recall all this love; no! when it comes so that I might see and speak to him,

as it happened to me these two days, when I can pray to him as formerly, when I can hope that he again would turn the eternal holy speech of his look to me, then I will impart you the remembrances which out of this look beckons to me. Thus it will also happen; it is not possible, that only because the earthly veil is sunk from him, all this should no more exist or alter. I will confide, and what others deem to be impossible, shall become possible to me. What would love be if it were nothing but what the dull perceive in their own mind; alas, they perceive nothing but its flowing off. Even in the moment when happiness makes us bold enough to summon eternity as a witness of it, we have a foreboding that for love we are not able, alas we rather know nothing of love. To *know* of love and *to be* in love, is a difference; I have *known* of it when I was no more in it. This is the difference: to live *in* it: then we live in mystery; the inward man does not comprehend the effect which it has upon him. To live *out* of it: then we live in revelation, we become aware how a higher world

once had received us; we feel the mark of a former divine touch — what first but seemed jesting love, we account now as heavenly wisdom; we are mov'd that the God was so near to us, that our earthly part, in him did not consume, that we still live, still exist, still think, that we did not for ever give up what in a happy hour in the bosom of the friend we so easily renounce, that is: to be any thing else, but *deeply felt* by the Beloved.

Once I stood at the window with him; it was moon-shine, the shade of the vine-leaves played on his face, the wind agitated them, so that his eye was alternately in dark, and again sparkling in moonlight. I asked: "What says thine eye?" — for it seemed to me as if it chatted. — "*Thou pleasest me!*" — "What do thy looks say?" — "*Thou pleasest me more than any other can please me,*" said he; "Oh pray, tell me, what means thy piercing look?" did I ask, for I thought his reply an evasion to my question. — "*My look asserts,*" said he, "*what I say, and swears what I dare not swear, that no*

spring, no summer, no autumn nor winter shall delude my look from thee. For thou smilest on me, as thou never smilest on the world; shall I then not swear to thee, what I never swore to mankind?

Often it is as a beam of light that breaks through my senses flashing up in remembrances, of which I hardly know, whether they are important enough to mark them as something happened. — In nature, whate'er can mirror, reflect the characters of love; the lake paints the lofty trees, which surround it, just the highest tops in the deepest deep, and the lofty stars still find a deeper deep in it, and love that produced all, forms the foundation of all; and thus I can rightly say: unfathomable mystery lures all to the mirror of love, be it ever so mean, be it ever so far.

The first time I met with him, then I told him that jealousy had teazed me since I knew of him; not his poems, not his works had so impassionately disposed me; I was too much moved even before I had seen him, my senses were

too much perplexed to comprehend the sense of his works; I was bred up in the nunnery and had not yet learned to understand poetry; but in my sixteenth year already I was so much transported by him, that whene'er his name was mentioned, be it in praise or blame, my heart throbbed impetuously; I think it was jealousy, a giddiness overcame me, were it at table that my grandmother spoke at times of him then I was no more able to eat; when the conversation lasted longer then my senses reeled, I was no more aware of anything, all fermented about me, and when I was alone, I burst in tears, I could not read in books, I was too much moved; it was, as if my life like a torrent was rushing in a thousand cascades down over rocks and clifts, and it lasted long before it settled into calmness. — Somebody came who had a seal-ring on his finger and said Goethe had given it to him. Of this I complained to Goethe at my first interview, how it had grieved me, that he could so carelessly give away a ring, even before knowing me; he did not smile

at these strange love-complaints, he looked mildly down upon me who confidently sat at his knees on a foot-stool. When I went away, he put a ring 'pon my finger and said: "If any one says again he had got a ring from me, then say thou: *"Goethe reminds no ring but this."* — Then he pressed me to his heart, I counted its palpitations. — *"I hope, thou wilt nol forget me, it would be ungrateful, I have without conditions complied with all thy claims as far as possible."* — Then thou lovest me, I said, and eternally, for else I am more poor than ever, nay I must despair.

* * *

This morning I received a letter from Chancellor Müller, who wrote about Goethe as follows: He died the most blissful death, with consciousness, cheerful, without a foreboding of his decease till his last breath, quite painless. It was a gradual soft sinking and dying of the flame of

life, without a struggle. His last demand was for light, half an hour before his end he ordered: "Open the shutters, that more light may enter."

* * *

TO GOETHE.

To day let us change my strain upon the lyre! To day I am so happy, dear lord and master! — To day a surprising, a glorious resolution has flashed up within my mind that will bring me so near to thee. Thou, a refining fire, hast pervaded me and consumed all that's unruly and vain — it rushes so delightfully through me — no time more exalted more juvenile from to day, till beyond to thee.

Who dares presume to cope with me? — What's their behest? — Would those judge me? — Who knows, who feels me, will not judge. — As the sunbeams quivering play on thy brow, so love and fancy play on my heart; and do I love one,

then honour decks him; and do I call one friend, then he is glorified, thus placed close to thee.

When raved and swept the tempest in me, then delight of love streamed melodies therein, and inspiration led them into the all-enrushing Ocean of harmonies. Thou didst listen to me, and leave to others the option of shrinking at my fantastic pranks; in the mean immortality poured through thy lays, and of jealousy the brand dissevered the nubiferous showers, and the powerful sun allured blossom and fruit.

Ay! eternal drunkenness of love, and temperance of wit; ye do not molest each other, the one jubelees with music, the other reads a lesson. — Ay! improve your wits, get names, good, glorious and grand; have whims, ideas, and what you let slip, — do never comprehend it; for I and he, who poured forth to me in boundless mind, retrieves me all.

Thou art above, thou smilest down! Oh this year's vernal showers, the tempests of its summerdays, they come forth out of thy sphere. Thou

wilt thunder towards me; thou wilt strike thy all-powerful essence deep into my heart and I exult up unto thee.

When Inspiration takes her course to heaven then dancing she takes her flight, and the Youths of the skies stand arrayed to rejoice at her reckless daring. And thou? — thou art proud that she is the darling of thy earthly days, who with joyous hurricane-stirring impatience steers through the airy Ocean, midst the foam of cloudy breakers, with joined feet, leaps up on the shore of heaven, flies towards thee with high flaring torch swinging over thy brow, then flings it into the clangorous heaven-deepening spaces to flare for the service of chance — to her it boots not how — she reposes in the lap of her Beloved, and Eros the jealous keeps vigil nigh her, that like flames do not flash up.

* * *

In Bohemia on the height, at the skirt of the wood thou waitedst for me and as I came clambering up to thee the short steep way, there thou stoodst firm and silent as a column-stone, but the wind the harbinger of the coming storm, violently blored, and in the folding of thy mantle revell'd and blasted it up, and flung it o'er thy head and down again, then streaming out with vehemence on either side, it would bring thee down to me, who paused a little while not far off, to breathe for cooling my throbbing pulse and glowing cheeks, then I came to thee, thou didst clasp me in thy arms and rolled up in thy mantle hug me close to thy breast. There we stood in the drizzly rain creeping through the thick-foliaged boughs, and the warm drops fell down upon us, there came the storms from east and west; — we said but little, we were silent. — *"It will withdraw"* so thou saidst, *"but for that blackening from there below*

that gains upon us." And the host of clouds came riding onwards along the horizon — it became obscure — the wind raised little whirls of dust around us, thy left hand pointed to the distance, thy right held the weeds and motley plants I had picked up on the way. — "*Behold! War is yonder; those clouds shall confound and put the others to the flight; if my bodings and skill in weather don't deceive me, their strife will be the forerunner of peace.*" Thus scarcely hadst thou said, then flashed the lightnings and from all sides the thunderings burst forth. — I looked up and stretched my arms to thee; thou didst bow over my face and plant thy lips in mine, and the tempests crashed on, bounced peal on peal and tumbled from step to step down the Olympus — softly rolling they did fly away; no second clap followed. — "*If one holds his Beloved in arms, then may the tempest fall out over his head!*" were thy last words up there; — we went down, hand in hand. — The night broke in, the fruiterer had already her lamp lighted to get rid of her apples. Thou stoodst

still to look on me. "*Thus Eros keeps fair with an old one, that her lamp should light the apples and the beloved.*" Then silently thou ledst me to my dwelling, kissed my brow and pushed me into the door. A sweet peace was the cradle of my pleasing dreams till the morn.

* * *

TO THE FRIEND.

Ten years after, this fair event, which remained so clearly printed in my memory, gave way to the inventing of Goethe's monument. Moritz Bethman from Frankfort on the Main had ordered it, he wished the undeniable true character of the poet to be expressed. He thought me able of forming the idea, though at that time I had never interfered with the arts. — Then I remembered Goethe, as he had stood at the brink

of the mountain, his cloak thrown around me on his bosom. — The fever of invention seized me, often I was obliged to recover myself from fancying, not to yield entirely up to its rapture and impetuosity. After I had spent my nights sleepless and my days without nurture, my idea at last was decided and purified.

A glorified production of my love, an apotheosis of my inspiration and his glory; thus did Goethe call it, as he saw it for the first time.

Goethe sitting with naked breast and arms. The cloak fastened at his neck, thrown back over the shoulders and gathered from beneath his arms to his lap; his left hand which then had pointed to the thunderstorm, now lifted, reposing on the lyre, which stands on his left knee; his right hand, which held my flowers, posing in the same manner, carelessly holds, forgetful of his glory, the full laurel-crown downwards; his look turned to the clouds; young Psyche stands before him, as I then did; she lifts herself up on the point of her feet to touch the chord of the lyre, and he, sunk in inspiration, suffers

her to do so. On one side of the throne is Mignon in the garb of an angel, with the inscription: "*Thus let me look till I be so!*" *) On the other side a nice child-like Maenade stands on her head, with the inscription: "*Stretch forth thy little feet up to Heaven and care not! We praying stretch up our hands, but not guiltless like thee!*" **)

It is now eight years, since with the help of an artist I made a model in clay of this monument; it stands in Frankfort in the museum; they were much inclined to have it executed. At this time Goethe gave up his right as citizen of Frankfort, which maimed the interest for him, and the exertions for the erection of his monument, that till now remained undone. I myself have often thought, what my love to him might signify, what would proceed from it, or if it should have been quite in vain; then I remembered in these last days, that as a child I had often considered: if he died, what I should begin, what should become of me, and that I then

*) Wilhelm Meister (song of Mignon).
**) Epigrames of Goethe.

ever thought: on his grave I would fain have a place, on his monument be petrified like those stone-images, which people would erect to his eternal fame; ay, I saw myself in fancy as a little dog, which commonly lies sculptured at the feet of celebrated men and heroes as a symbol of faithfulness. To night I thought of it, that formerly I had often been absorbed in such visions, and then I became aware that this was the germ to his monument, and that it was incumbent on me, to realise it. Since I have adopted this idea, I am quite joyous, and I have great hope of succeeding. Goethe said once those golden words to me: "*Be constant, and what once a divine decree has contracted in thee, must rouse all thy strength, to bring it to maturity. If even the fruits do not succeed such as thou expectest, yet they are fruits of a higher feeling, and the all-generating, life-nourishing nature, can and shall still be surpassed by the eternal divine strength of love.*" — Reminding these words, which he then referred to our love, and trusting in them, that still to-day they will lead my mean faculties

to prevail, I shall persevere and as it is by love that such fruits are produced though they are not those which I then expected, I confide in his promise, that I may succeed.

To the history of the monument I have still to add, that I brought it myself to Goethe. After having for long looked at it, he burst out a laughing; I asked: "Why, can'st thou do nothing else than laugh?" and tears choked my voice. — *"Child, my dearest child,"* he exclaimed, *"it is joy, which loudly shouts in me, that thou lovest! lovest me, for alone love could do so."* — And solemnly laying his hands on my head: *"If the power of my blessing can avail any thing, then let it be transferred to thee in thankfulness for this love."* It was the only time that he blessed me, in the year 24, on the 5th of September.

* * *

My friend knows that longing is not as men think of it, as of the roaring wind, and of both falsely, that they would pass away; and the question from where they came and whither they go is to men the same by longing or by wind. But from what height descends perchance the essences which allure the young grass out of the ground? — and to what height ascends perchance these fragrancies which soar out of the flowers? — is there a measure applied? — or do all the powers of nature descend from the lap of the divinity, and do her simplest productions again ascend to their generator? — ay certainly! — all what descends out of divine bliss returns to it, and this longing, for *him* who showered down as dew on the thirsty soil of the human spirit, who here unfolded his most splendid blossom, who again ascended in the fragrance of his own glorification, — should not this longing also speed up to heaven? — should it not alike find the way to him aloft? —

Καὶ ἡ σὰρξ πνεῦμα ἐγένετο.

These words I have selected as an inscription for the monument. What the lover calls to thee Goethe, will not remain without reply; — thou improvest, thou rejoicest, thou permeatest, thou impregnest the heart of the loving with the word to become flesh within it.

As breaks forth from nought and into nought again sounds away the tone that bore the word which never sounds away, but clangs in the soul calling up all kindred harmonies; thus Inspiration also springs forth from nought, bearing the word into flesh, and then sounds away again. — The spirit which espouses with the word, as yon celestial powers in the ground espouse with the seed from whose blossom they again ascend in fragrance to their Generator, *that* spirit will also ascend; and to him — adown from the celestial Ether, answer will resound.

The drift of airs which sweep along and groan like longing sighs, we know not of from whence; they also have no form, they cannot say: that I am, or that belongs to me! — but the breath of

divinity streams through them, and gives them a frame, for it ingenerates them through the word into flesh. — Thou knowest that love solely is parturient; — that what is not offered by it unto the celestial generator, never belongs to the eternal kin! — what is wisdom which does not derive from love? — what is remembrance which love bestows not? — what is the want which does not strive to it? — what is doing that uses not love? — if thou forthstretchest thy hand and hast not a mind to attain love, what mind hast thou? — or what wouldst thou grasp? — That tree which thou beddest into the pit with all its roots, to which thou carriest the fertile earth and the rillet, as it cannot walk, that it may want nothing to thrive and blossom, that tree thrives its blossom for thee, and thy care thou givest to the tree for it. — I also do all, that *his* memory may thrive for me. — Love does all for its own sake, and yet the lover forsakes himself and traces love.

End of the Diary.

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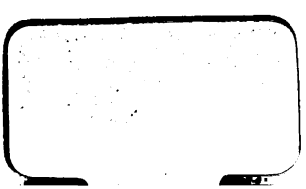
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